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THE SEASONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

A blue-eyed child that sits amid the noon,
O'erhung with a laburnum's drooping sprays,
Singing her little songs, while softly round
Along the grass the chequered sunshine plays.

All beauty that is throned in Womanhood,
Pacing a summer-garden's fountained walks,
That stoops to smooth a glossy spaniel down,
To hide her flushing cheek from one who talks.

A happy mother with her fair-faced girls,
In whose sweet spring again her youth she sees,
With shout and dance and laugh and bound and song,
Stripping our autumn orchard's laden trees.

An aged woman in a wintry room:
Frost on the pane,—without, the whirling snow;
Reading old letters of her far-off youth,
Of pleasures past and joys of long ago.

TRIED BY FIRE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HER OWN DECEPTION," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

LIFE looked dreary enough from the windows of my studio in Elm Walk when I returned home to fight against the fierce pangs of pain, disappointment, and misery which were gnawing at my heart. The first few hours after I had left Dunmor Park there was something like relief mingling with my anguish—at least I should see her no longer; she would not look at me with those cold contemptuous eyes; but, after the first strange relief was over, all the fierce anguish which had wrung my soul returned and bowed me down. I was new to pain; my life had not been a particularly joyous one, but it had not been an unhappy life; and I looked at the future dimly, as if it were not my future—lonely, loveless, and miserable as it must be—but some other person's; but the dazed feeling soon wore off, and I had only the keen consciousness of a wound which would never heal and which I should bear about me to my dying day.

Death would have been welcome to me then—anything rather than that terrible depression and loneliness against which I fought day and night. Sometimes I fought despairingly, desperately, without a hope of success; at others, rebellion was strong within me, and I asked why that bitter sorrow had fallen upon me; why should not happiness and possession and love be mine? I was no worse than other men who were blessed with all these, while I had nothing.

Eugene was out of town, and I was alone in the old house by the river. My mother was in London, but I had not written to tell her of my presence there. I felt as if I could not bear the glance of her keen kind eyes, as if I should break down and tell her all, and shadow her cloudless life with my sorrow, although sometimes it seemed as if I could find relief in confiding my secret to her.

I worked hard, harder than I had ever done before; but the result was not satisfactory. My work was fitful and uncertain I could settle to nothing: I began half a dozen pictures and threw them aside, working fiercely at them one after another, but tiring of each. Sometimes I wondered if I were going to be ill, my brain seemed to be so full of pain and throbbing, and my nights were so long and sleepless. Looking back at that time, I wonder that my brain did not give way, that I did not go mad.

I was sitting at my easel one afternoon, not painting, for the light was not good enough to distinguish the colors, but staring at my picture with eyes which saw nothing of it in their blind gaze. How long I sat thus I cannot tell; the daylight was fading fast and the wintry twilight was setting in, when I was suddenly aroused by two gentle hands on my shoulders, and I started round to meet my mother's tender questioning eyes. For a moment I looked at her vacantly.

"Ronald," she said softly.

"Mother, is it you? Dear mother, how good of you to come! I was going to write. Sit down here, dear."

I pulled up a deep arm-chair for her; but she did not sit down, she only looked at me with the same questioning eyes, which somehow I could not meet.

"I should have written or come to you, dear," I said hastily as she sat down. "How is Mina?"

"Not very well," she answered. "Sit down, Ronald, and tell me about yourself. How long have you been in town?"

"Some weeks; but I have been very busy."

"Killing yourself with work," she said with a sad smile.

Then, as I sat down on a stool at her feet, she bent forward and looked at me with fixed inquiring gaze.

"Only work?" she went on softly. "What is the trouble, dear?"

"Nothing you can help, mother," I said brokenly. Then I bowed my head on her two hands, and there was a long silence.

"Is it what I feared, Ronald," she asked at last—"about Lady Juliet?"

"Yes mother!"

"Oh, Ronald—oh, my poor boy!"

That was all she said; but the tender clasping hands expressed much more.

"I would have kept it from you, mother," I said at last. "I did not want to trouble you."

"Do you think I should not have known you were in trouble, Ronald?" she answered tenderly. "And a mother's heart would always rather suffer with her children than be shut out of their confidence. Is the pain so bad?" she went on more gently still as she looked into the haggard face raised to hers. "Is she so very dear to you, Ronald?"

"I would give my life for her, mother."

"But, Ronald," she said in a moment, "you are of good family, you are young and comely, you have talent."

"Mother, mother!"

"Dear, stranger things have happened; she may love you."

"Mother, in my madness I told her that I loved her, and she mocked me?"

The flush of shame burnt in my face as I spoke, and my mother colored hotly.

"She mocked you," she repeated—"mocked you! And you love her still?"

"I shall love her till I die," I returned brokenly.

"Yet she can be no true woman," she said haughtily. "No woman worthy the name would mock at the affection of any man when it was offered in sincerity and honesty. She is not worthy of your love!"

"And yet I love her. Oh, mother, how am I to bear it?"

She drew my head upon her breast and great tears fell from her eyes upon my face.

"My boy—my poor boy!"

After a time I lifted my head and tried to speak calmly.

"Never mind, mother; I shall get over it. I am not the first man who has loved in vain, nor shall I be the last. It was madness, of course. I won't be so mad again. She is an Earl's daughter, and I am but a painter!"

"Oh, hush, Ronald! You must not speak thus; you terrify me," she said, bursting into tears. "Oh, my boy, my boy, I wish I could have saved you this!"

She drew herself into my arms, sobbing piteously; and this emotion on the part of my usually self-contained mother almost alarmed me, and I tried to soothe her.

"You must not be here alone," she said, when she was calmer. "Will you not come to us, Ronald?"

"Mother," I answered, "do not ask me. Your eyes would make my pain double for having hurt you. Are you afraid to leave me here on account of the water?"

"I think I would rather hear you cry, than hear you laugh like that," she said with a sob.

"Was it not right to go to you, dear?" I asked her, smiling. "Mother, I will conquer this selfish; I will not trouble you. I am going abroad to join Eugene shortly; and, when I come back, you will see that I shall be cured."

"To-morrow, dear. Let it be good-bye now."

"Good-bye!" she said softly, as she clasped me to her fondly. "Heaven bless you, dear."

I took her down to the brougham, and, as I helped her in, I said cheerfully—

"You will say 'good-bye' for me to Mina, mother, and give her my love."

"Poor Mina!" sighed my mother, as she drove away.

* * * * * *

After three months' absence abroad, I came back, not cured of my wound, but sufficiently used to its pain to hide it from outward eyes; and, instead of going to Elm Walk, I drove straight to South Kensington.

It was about five o'clock on a bitterly cold January evening when I reached my mother's house and found myself in the pretty tessolated hall, with the parlor-maid taking my ulster and telling me smilingly, with a pretty little curtsey, how happy the mistress would be and Miss Mina.

I opened the drawing-room door softly; a bright fire was blazing in the polished grate, the pretty curtains were drawn, the piano was open, and a piece of music was open also, as if some one had been lately singing. My mother, in her soft gray silk dress and dainty lace cap, was sitting in an arm-chair by the fire, and Mina was lying on the couch, looking very pale and delicate. My mother was reading to her; and, standing at the half open door, I could hear the words—

" 'Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night.
What sound can break the silence of despair?
O doubting heart,
Thy sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air!' "

The reader closed the book and put it on a little stand beside her.

"Thank you, auntie," said Mina quietly; and my mother, with a little shiver at the cold air I had admitted, turned round and saw me.

"Ronald!" she cried joyfully. "How glad I am! Mina, here is Ronald!"

But Mina did not hear her, for, lying there on her cushions, she had fainted quietly away; and, while I stood blaming myself bitterly for my heedlessness, my mother applied the usual restoratives promptly and deftly; and in a few moments Mina opened her eyes and gave me a little smile.

"I am so sorry," she murmured. "It is so silly of me. I am quite ashamed of myself, Ronald."

"Has she not been well then, mother?" I asked, as I sat down by my cousin and took the little frail hand in mine.

"The winter has tried her," she answered. "She will be stronger when we get some warmer weather. When did you come, dear?"

"To-day. I drove straight here. Mother, I am afraid! Mina, why did you not find some roses to welcome me? Ah, you have some now—that is far better!"

"Where have you been, Ronald?" asked Mina, as my mother, on hospitable thoughts intent, went out of the room.

"To many places, little cox."

"Have you had a pleasant time?"

"Not very. I am glad to be home again."

Her face brightened.

"Have you been painting much?"

"No, sketching a little as I went. Mina, I have brought you some *chiffons* from Paris and some gloves; but I am afraid six and a quarter will be too big for such wee hands. How dare you get so thin, mademoiselle?"

"I will soon get plump," she answered gaily. "It is so pleasant to see you again, Ronald."

"Thank you, little cousin."

Mina did not dine with us; she rarely left her sofa, my mother told me sadly; and I listened, shocked and grieved beyond measure.

"You have had advice, mother?"

"The best," she rejoined briefly.

"What do they say?"

"They say that she is very ill, dear."

"I can see that, mother. What is the matter with her?"

My mother hesitated.

"She has always been delicate, you know" she said—"too delicate to bear much sorrow."

"Sorrow! Has she had sorrow?"

"Have you forgotten what I told you at Seaton, Ronald?" questioned my mother gravely.

I had forgotten—Heaven pardon such selfishness.

"Mother, you do not mean——" I paused, unutterably shocked and pained.

"Ronald," she answered gravely, "if your sorrow almost broke you down, strong man as you are, what must a similar sorrow be to a delicate fragile girl?"

"What do the doctors say?" I asked again helplessly.

"They say that happiness alone can save Mina's life."

"Oh, mother!"

"Dear," she said gently in a moment, "the fault is not yours. You are not to blame. Love cannot be controlled; and she gave you hers, and with her love her life, long ago."

"And if—she is made happy, she will live?"

"In all probability, although she will never be a strong woman."

"Mother, you did not tell her of—of my folly?"

"Ronald, is that your confidence?"

"Forgive me mother."

There was a long silence.

"Mother," I said at last, weakly and lamely enough, I dare say, "if I can make Mina happy—she need never know."

"Heaven bless you dear! Oh, Ronald, it cannot fail to bring you happiness!"

"I shall be content if it brings it to her," I answered, with a smile; and we went upstairs together to Mina and tea in the drawing-room.

She looked brighter and better now in her pretty warm dress, with a soft scarlet invalid shawl about her, and she gave me a little smile as I sat down beside her and showed her some sketches I had made, while my mother, at her gipsy-table, looked at us both and smiled benignantly as she poured out tea.

"Is not the little water-color of the Cathedral at Rouen in the moonlight lovely, auntie?" said Mina. "Would you not like to see it?"

"Not with snow on it," replied my mother, with a shiver. "It must have been very cold, Ronald."

"Would you like to go to Normandy, Mina?" I asked, smiling. "Make haste and get strong, and we will go together."

She smiled wistfully.

"Are your Academies ready, Ronald?"

"No," I replied; "not quite.

My mother rose and went over to the piano, leaving us comparatively alone.

"You are not going away again?" asked Mina in a moment, glancing up with a little alarm and dismay on her face.

"That will depend on you, Mina," I said gently; and I took the little hands in mine.

"On me?"—and she began to tremble.

"Yes, on you."

My mother had begun to play a soft dreamy melody out of *Marta*. Mina looked up at me with startled eyes and tremulous lips.

"I will not go if you tell me to stay, Mina," I said gently. "I do not want to startle you, little cousin; but you have been like a daughter to my mother for so long, let me make your her daughter indeed.

The girl turned very pale, the little hands fluttered in mine, and her breath came quickly through the pale lips.

"I do not—I do not understand," she answered tremulously.

"Will you be my wife, Mina?"

"Mother, oh mother!" she called out in broken joyful tremulous tones.

My mother rose from the piano and ran to her, and they were in each other's arms; a glance from my mother sent me out of the room, and I went down to the little dining-room both sad and glad at heart—sad to think I had so little to give in return for Mina's affection, glad that it was in my power to make anyone happy.

By-and-by my mother came down and told me that I might go to Mina; she was better and very happy, she said, with tears in her gray eyes and a quiver of her usually firm mouth; and, as I turned away to go upstairs, she detained me for a moment.

"You are not sorry, Ronald?"

"Not sorry—certainly not sorry," I answered, smiling.

She released my hand, sighed a little, and I went back to Mina, who received me with an April face of smiles and tears, and whispered that she was, oh, so happy!

"I never thought you loved me, Ronald," she whispered. "I think the want of your love was killing me. Oh, I am so happy, dear—so glad!"

It was arranged that we should be married in the spring or early summer, and daily I had the satisfaction of seeing Mina grow better and stronger and look like her own self.

She was quite happy too, and I was glad to see the sweet light in her eyes, and to hear the merry laugh and gay voice.

She was easily contented, poor child!

She never seemed to think that I did not love her as she loved me.

There was no shade on her happiness; and, although sometimes her perfect trust in me made me feel like a traitor, I did my best to give her the best I had.

Time, patience, affection, I gave her willingly, but love I could not; I had none to give.

The first of May came, and among the pictures which were noticed in the Academy was my portrait of Lady Juliet Gilmore. Mina urged me to go with her and my mother to Burlington House; but I refused on any plea. I dared not see that face again.

At last the seventeenth of May came, and the eighteenth was the day appointed for the marriage with cousin Mina. Just as I was leaving the studio to go to South Kensington, the postman gave me a letter, which I opened at once, not noticing that the post-mark was Welminster.

"Will you come to me?" said the little note. "I want your forgiveness, if you can forgive my cruel words. Papa knows I am writing; he gives me leave, and I have told him all. There is a train from Waterloo at four o'clock, which will bring you to Danmor by half-past eight. Do not refuse me, but come at once."

* * * * * *

The rain was falling heavily when I got out of the train at Welminster Station at eight o'clock on the seventeenth of May; but, while I was sending one of the porters for a fly, I was addressed by a livery servant who said that a brougham was waiting for me; and we drove swiftly through the lanes and park.

"Lady Juliet is in the library, sir," said the butler as he took my coat. "Her ladyship is expecting you. His lordship has been called away. This way, if you please, sir."

He opened the library door, announced me, and closed it after him, before I, coming as I did from the brilliantly-lighted hall into the comparative darkness of the room, could quite distinguish where I was. The room was large and lofty, lined with books, and opened with large French windows on to the park; and I could hear the melancholy drip of the rain distinctly. The library was in semi-darkness, lighted only by the blazing wood-fire on the hearth and groups of wax lights on the mantel-piece.

As I entered, Lady Juliet rose from a wide deep arm-chair by the fire and stood, looking very pale but beautiful—most beautiful—resting one hand on the arm of her chair.

She wore an evening dress of black velvet, cut square, with folds of white net crossed on her bosom, fastened with a diamond star.

I went forward slowly, my heart beating so fast and loud that I could almost hear its pulsations; for a moment neither of us spoke.

"It is good of you to come," she said then tremulously.

As I drew near I could see that she was greatly altered; some subtle change had passed over her since we had last met.

She was paler and thinner, her hands looked very frail and white, and there were shadows under the hazel eyes. Her beauty had lost in brilliance, but she was still unspeakably lovely.

"Papa has been suddenly called away," she said in a moment. "He told me to convey his regards to you."

I bowed.

"Will you not sit down?" she went on, forcing a little smile. "I want to ask you to forgive me, Mr. Stanley; and you look so tall and stern standing there that I lose all the little courage I have. Ah, that is better! Now turn your face away while I make confession."

I averted my eyes gladly; there was something in her face I did not understand, but which made my pulses throb with maddening rapidity. There was another silence, which she broke at last.

"What will you think of such strange behaviour?" she said in a low, unsteady voice. "I could not rest without asking your forgiveness for my conduct. I know there is no excuse for me; I know that you have every reason to think hardly of me, and that I deserve nothing else at your hands but perhaps you will judge me less severely when you know all; perhaps even you may forgive me."

"I have nothing to forgive," I told her in my coldest voice. "You were quite right, Lady Juliet, to punish my madness as it deserved."

"I was wrong—unspeakably wrong," she returned quickly. "Not only because you love—the love of any honorable man—is an honor to whoever it is offered, but because—because——"

She paused abruptly; coming to my side—for I had risen—she put her hand upon my arm.

"Oh, forgive—forgive!" she said, bursting into a passion of tears. "It was I who was mad—not you."

She paused for a moment and then went on—

"Is my offence quite unpardonable? Can you not forgive me? Will you not when I tell you that I have not known one hour's happiness since that day? Oh, I have suffered—I have suffered as much or more than I can have made you suffer, even if you loved me as you said!"

"I did love you," I answered coldly and sternly.

I dared not look at her, but I knew that her eyes were fixed upon my face, and I felt the clinging clasp of her hands on my arm.

"Then you will forgive me. I cannot be happy—I cannot be at rest until I have won my pardon. What entreaty can I use?" she added passionately. "What atonement can I make? Mr. Stanley, don't you believe me? Don't you see that I cannot be happy with this weight on my heart? Even then—even then you were not so stern as now."

"I was never angry with you," I answered softly, anxious only to soothe her; "I am not angry now."

"And you forgive me?" pleaded the broken voice.

"If you will put it so, Lady Juliet; but where love is there is no need for forgiveness, there can be no room for anger."

She stooped and touched my hand lightly with her lips.

The movement, the kiss, made me tremble from head to foot; for a moment loyalty, honor, Mina herself, were forgotten, and I clasped her to me—for one moment—for one moment only; then I put her from me, and, throwing myself into a chair, covered my face with my hands.

When I looked up again she had not moved; she was still standing beside me, looking down at me with an expression in her eyes which I could not mistake.

"Juliet," I said breathlessly—"Juliet, you love me?"

"Dearer than the life which is all dreariness without you," she answered firmly.

I caught her to my breast and held her there, showering kisses upon her brow and hair; she did not repulse me, although she blushed rosy red and her eyes fell beneath mine.

Oh, Heaven, the happiness of those few mad moments was dearly paid for when I remembered that it was the eve of my wedding day.

I put her out of my arms slowly, lingeringly, tenderly, bidding a silent farewell, as I did so to my love and happiness; and, turning away, I covered my face with my hands to shut out the beloved questioning face, and bowed my head upon the table.

She knelt down beside me, striving with her little slender hands to lift my head as she said tenderly—

"Why are you so unhappy, Ronald? I love you—I loved you even then: but I was mad, and"—with a touch of playfulness—"a little jealous of your pretty cousin. And I have been ill and miserable all the winter; and once they thought I would die. Then I told my dear old father all, and he said I might write to you and ask you to come to me if you loved me still. Do you love me, Ronald?"—nestling her dainty head against my arm.

"Do I love you? Juliet, you know!" I moaned in my misery.

"Then why won't you look at me?" she asked playfully. "Oh, Ronald, if you knew how sorry I was! I repented the very moment I had spoken those bitter words. I went back, and you were—oh, my dearest, how those sobs hurt me! Ronald, won't you look at me? Then I shall think you have not forgotten me at all!"

She was trembling a little now, and the rosy blush had died away.

I think the anguish in my face startled her, for she looked up at me with terrified eyes.

We had both risen and were standing on the great bear-skin rug thrown down before the fire.

I had her hands in mine, and twice I tried to speak, but no words came. How could I tell her—Great Heaven how could I tell?

At last I spoke the words—how I know not; nor should I have known that they were uttered if it had not been for a change in the beautiful face, which grew ghastly pale and still—still as death, only her eyes looked up at me wide-open, horror-stricken; then she fell like a stone at my feet.

I lifted her up and placed her in a chair; she had not fainted. I dared not ring for assistance. She was shivering and trembling and white to her lips, although conscious still. I flung myself upon my knees beside her.

"Will you forgive, my darling, and let me tell you——"

"Of what avail?" she said faintly—so faintly that the words hardly reached me. "You loved her best after all."

"I do not love her!" I cried passionately, imprisoning her little hands in mine; and then in broken husky accents I told her all, and she listened in silence. With the last words of my miserable story, my composure gave way, and I bowed my head on the arm of her chair, weeping as a strong man only can weep in the bitterest sorrow of his life.

For a time the silence was only broken by sobs and the rain beating against the windows; then Juliet spoke, and her voice though low and faint, was very clear and sweet.

"Ronald," said softly, "you are breaking my heart. I cannot bear your grief."

"Forgive me," I pleaded huskily, checking my sobs by a great effort.

"I have nothing to forgive, dear," she answered gently. "You could do nothing but what you did; and I love you all the more for your self-sacrifice. Hush, dear! Your tears hurt me, and I am not very strong now; I cannot bear them. No; you must not smile like that. Oh, Ronald"—and the forced calmness gave way—"it is very hard for us both!"

"It shall not be!" I cried passionately. "You love me; I will not give you up."

"Do you think I would build my happiness on the wreck of hers?" said the faint choked voice. "Ah, no; she loves you, and you must make her happy!"

"How can I?" I urged brokenly.

She took my head in her hands—the little unsteady hands—and looked straight into my face with those hazel eyes, dark with pain now, but true and brave.

"You can and you will," she said with a smile, which was sadder than the wail of pain which had escaped her a few moments before. "She loves you and you are good, and noble, and true. Oh, my dearest, should I love you as I do if I did not know you as you are? With my whole heart I will pray for your happiness and hers—with the heart which is so full of love and trust and faith in you, Ronald; and some day perhaps you will give me the greatest pleasure I can know on earth, that of seeing your happiness and hers."

"Juliet, Juliet!"

"Ronald, do not; I cannot bear it! Oh, love, in pity to me, be strong now!"

Then there was a long silence, during which Juliet hid her face upon my shoulder, and I could feel the slender form trembling in my arms.

At last I recollected how bad such terrible agitation was for her.

I loosened the clinging little hands and rose.

"Juliet, I must go," I said hoarsely.

She started and looked at me vacantly with dark wistful eyes; then she rose too.

"I must go, my darling. Let me send for someone; I cannot leave you like this."

"There is nothing the matter with me," she answered, with another of those heart-rending smiles; and I drew her towards me, holding both little cold hands, and looked my last on the lovely miserable face.

"My darling, how can I leave you?"

"As easily as I can let you go," she said faintly. Oh, Ronald, death could not be more bitter than such a parting as this!"

I clasped her passionately to my heart, covering the fair pale face with kisses sweet as love and bitter as death, and she clung to me convulsively: then, as I loosened my clasp, her arms fell from around me, the white lids drooped over the languid eyes, she made a little blind pathetic movement of the tiny hands, as if groping for something; and the form I held grew inert and nerveless as my darling swooned away in my arms.

I put her gently on the couch, pressed my lips once more to the cold mouth—which did not quiver under my passionate kiss—to the little drooping deathlike hands; and, turning from her without looking, I passed out into the wind and rain, closing the window after me as I went.

CHAPTER VII.

IT was the morning of my wedding-day; and I was standing by the window of my studio in Elm Walk, too despairing, too dazed with misery, to do more than realise the fact.

It was early, quite early in the morning, and signs of life were only just beginning to be visible in the road.

Presently a hansom drew up at the adjoining house, and a tall, fair-haired man, in evening dress, wearing a light overcoat and *minus* a hat, with a faded rose in his buttonhole, jumped out, had a laughing altercation with the cabman about his fare, and, when the driver was finally dismissed, he stood for a moment at the door and looked meditatively up and down the street.

"Hallo, Stanley!" he said loudly, suddenly catching sight of me. "What are you doing up so early? By Jove, old man, you look as if you had been having a night of it like myself? Why to-day is your wedding-day, is it not? Of course it is!"

"Yes," I answered slowly, "to-day is my wedding-day."

"Wish you joy, old fellow. I suppose you have been at a farewell bachelor supper. Hope you'll like driving in double harness. Wouldn't suit me, by Jove!"

So saying, he went into the house and left me, scarcely heeding his words and knowing only that to-day was my wedding-day.

My neighbor Jack Myine was quite right in saying I had been having a night of it, although my night had not been passed as his had been.

On leaving Danmer I had found my way to the station with a dim notion that I must catch the night mail.

Fortunately I had succeeded in doing so, also in obtaining an empty compartment, for I was in a state of mental distress in London which I could not have concealed had I had any fellow-travelers.

Arriving in London in the middle of the night, I had made my way to Elm Walk on foot hoping to obtain some repose from intense bodily exhaustion. But when, on reaching home, I threw myself upon the sofa in the studio without changing my wet clothes, utterly worn out both mentally and physically, I could not sleep—I could not keep my thoughts from that terrible scene in the library at Danmar, strive as I might—for even in my anguish I strove to be loyal to my betrothed; I could not shut my ears to the sound of that beloved voice speaking those words which had given me in one moment, in one short sentence, the greatest happiness and the greatest misery of my life; I could not shut my eyes to the sight of that lovely anguished face, those hazel eyes looking at me so wistfully, so wofully.

"Oh, Juliet, Juliet!" I turned from the window and paced the room: the noise in the street was depending; the clock in the church-tower struck seven. As I passed the mirror I saw the reflection of my face therein. It had a strange gray look about it, the eyes were tired and sunken; it was not a face a man should wear on the day he was to marry a woman who loved him.

Unconsciously there—where I had paused for a moment before the glass, I stood, my arms resting on the marble ledge beneath the mirror, gazing straight before me, but seeing nothing.

How could I see anything?—my eyes were dim with tears. I was weeping, as a woman might weep over a vanished dream, bitterly.

There was the sound of a soft footfall entering the room, but I did not heed, although I was conscious of it; there was the soft rustle of a woman's drapery, and a small hand was laid upon my arm.

Then indeed I looked up, hoping, dreading, longing for I knew not what; and there, bending over me with so much love and tenderness in her gaze that I could not resist the appeal, I saw my mother's face.

"Ronald," she said softly, "what is this? Why did you not come to us last evening? Where have you passed the night? You are wet through!"

"Am I?" I answered mechanically. "It does not matter."

"It does matter, dear," she said tenderly. "Where have you been, Ronald?"

"At Danmer."

"At Danmer!" she echoed, almost incredulously.

"Yes, at Danmer."

"That was not well done, my son," she remarked gently. "It was unlike you."

"Was it?" I answered, with a short bitter laugh.

"You should not have gone, Ronald."

"Should I not, mother? Read that."

As I spoke, I put into her hands the little note I had received from Lady Juliet.

She read it in silence and handed it back.

"Is that no excuse, mother?"

"I think—perhaps, yes," she answered hesitatingly. "Oh, my boy, my dear Ronald," she went on passionately, "I hoped you had got over it all!"

"Did you, dear?" I said sadly. "I think in all probability I shall never get over it. But, if I was wrong in going to Danmer, I have been punished."

"I can see that you have," she rejoined mournfully. "Did you see her?"

"Yes; and, mother—oh, mother—she loves me!"

The words escaped me almost involuntarily; and the next moment, seeing the intense sadness in my mother's face, I regretted that I had uttered them.

"She loves you," she repeated tremulously. "Oh, Ronald!"

"She loves me, mother," I replied, with a strange mixture of gladness and sorrow at my heart. "She loved me even when she sent me from her; she loves me even—ah, not quite perhaps, but somewhat—as I love her!"

"My poor Mina!" said my mother brokenly.

The three little words cut me to the soul in the momentary exultation, in the sudden great joy of recollecting that, come what might, Juliet loved me. I had forgotten for that moment all else. My mother's words recalled to me the bitter reality.

"My poor Mina!" she repeated.

There was a silence.

"Mina shall not suffer," I said firmly then. "She shall never know—we do not mean——"

"What?" she exclaimed, her face brightening. "Will you be true to her still, Ronald? Can you bear to be so, knowing that Lady Juliet loves you?"

"Listen to me for a few moments, mother, and I will tell you what passed."

Then I put her into an arm-chair, and, still keeping my stand by the mantelpiece, I told her, in a few words and as calmly as I could, what had passed between Lady Juliet and myself.

"She said she will never build her happiness on the wreck of Mina's," I added with a break in my voice. "Mother, had she been willing, I could not have helped it, I love her so dearly; but she will not. She sent me from her, telling me to make Mina

happy, and saying that she would pray with all her heart for her happiness and mine!"

"Heaven bless her!" murmured my mother. "She is a noble woman."

"But meanwhile—oh, mother, I love her, and we both suffer! Would it grieve Mina so terribly, do you think?"

"It would kill her," said my mother sadly.

For a few moments we were silent; then my mother spoke.

"I hardly know what to say to you, Ronald," she said wistfully. "It is said that the hardest path is invariably the path of duty. It may be—I cannot tell—that this love you bear to Lady Juliet is the love whose dictates you ought to follow; but I think not. You entered freely into your engagement with Mina, and, if it is a mistake, she ought not to be the sufferer."

"But Juliet suffers, mother!" I cried passionately.

"But, dear, she brought it on herself. Why should Mina suffer for her fault? Nay, Ronald, I do not wish to be harsh, nor does Lady Juliet deserve that I should be so; she has behaved nobly in wishing you to keep to your engagement; but, my son, she caused you great pain."

"But she has atoned, mother."

"Yes, poor child. Ronald," she went on in a moment, "as I say, I do not know what advice to give you. Ought you to wrong your cousin by making her an unloved wife? And yet, poor child, her love for you is her life; it would kill her to give you up."

"She shall not be asked to do so," I answered firmly. Then, after another pause, "You are right, mother mine; she ought not to suffer, nor shall she. I will do my best to make her happy. Juliet wishes it; she is content to bear her pain. But, oh, mother, it is very hard!"

"Indeed yes," said my mother gently; but her tone said more than her words; and her hands closed over mine in a firm pressure as she drew me more closely to her, as she had done many a time in my childish days when I was in trouble and she was helping me to bear it.

"You have not forgotten what day this is," she said then. "How imprudent of you to keep on your wet clothes, Ronald! You might bring on an illness. Go and change them at once; and I will make you some coffee."

"How came you here so early?" I asked her, as I rose slowly and prepared to do her bidding.

"I was anxious about you, Ronald," she answered, a little wistfully. "We expected you last night, you know, and I was afraid something was wrong."

"But Mina?" I said hesitatingly.

"Mina knows nothing," she rejoined quickly. "She was tired last night, and went to her room early, and this morning I gave orders that she was not to be called until I returned. Do not ask any more questions," she added, forcing a smile, "but go and change your clothes. 'Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once.'"

But the smile was very sad and forced, and the playful tone she was trying to assume was very tremulous.

"How did you come, dear? Did you drive?"

"No; I came by the Metropolitan," she answered, with the same assumed gaiety. "Think of my courage, Ronald, in facing the dangers of that terrible underground bugbear of mine!"

"Mother, how good of you! Where should I find love so unselfish as yours?"

"You will understand it better by-and-by, when you have bairns of your own, my son," she replied, smiling, although the tears were thick in her eyes. "But, even then, you can never quite know how a mother feels towards her children, or how her heart bleeds for their sorrow and suffering."

"Nor can you ever know, dear," I told her, forcing a smile, "how a son appreciates the love of such a mother."

When I came down, having changed my clothes and adorned myself for my "marriage-day," I found coffee ready; and we spent half an hour together, each trying to induce the other to take some breakfast; then my mother glanced at the clock, exclaimed at the lateness of the hour, and declared she must start at once; for, although the wedding was to be a very quiet one, there was much to be done, and the mistress of the house must not be absent from her post.

So we went back together.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HARVESTING PINE NUTS.—The Piutes are having a big fandango, or pine nut dance, at Big Meadows, Nevada. A large delegation left on Sunday to participate in the festivities, which will continue several days. From Lovelock the Indians will go east to Table Mountain to harvest the pine nut crop, which is said to be unusually heavy this season. Some years ago the Indians readily exchanged the nuts for an equal quantity of flour, but of late they ask $3 or $4 for a flour sack full of nuts. As there is a beautiful crop of rich and savory nuts this year, there will probably be a reduction in the price. The cones, which contain the nuts, are gathered from the trees by the squaws, and thrown in large piles, where they are roasted until the woody scales open and the nuts drop out. They are gathered and sacked for use. Before the whites settled here, and for some years afterwards, the Indians relied almost exclusively on pine nuts for food during the winter, and when the crop failed the red men suffered from hunger.

Type-setting in Belgium is largely done by machinery.

A Wise Choice.

BY J. R. DALLETT.

MISS ELLEN HALSEY'S beauty was the talk of our town; and as the town was a very small one, there was not much chance for opposition on this score, and if there had been, the lady would have carried off the palm just as easily.

She was so very lovely, that it would have been hard to find her equal, even in a country so famed for the beauty of its women as ours.

Yet, in spite of all this, she was not the object of the slightest jealousy on the part of her fair friends.

She was so lovely in character, and so beloved by all who knew her, that her friends took even more pride and pleasure in her beauty that she herself did.

Her father was a well-to-do lawyer, and had once been the clerk to the sheriff of the country.

He was the principal man in the town and was very popular with his neighbors.

His house was a cheerful happy place, for he was famed for his hearty hospitality, and this, together with his daughter's beauty, drew to it a throng of visitors, both old and young.

There were two young men in our town who were among the most devoted of Ellen's admirers.

One was a wealthy young man gay and handsome, and concerning whose wild freaks staid and steady-going people shook their heads.

Nevertheless, his wealth, which he inherited from his father, who was formerly a grocer in our town, made up for all such short comings; and, after all, people said young men must sow their wild oats some time, and no doubt Mr. Alfred Harvey would finally settled down into a most excellent and exemplary man and husband.

So it was agreed that if Ellen Halsey married him, she would be doing very well indeed.

Thoughtful mammas mentally declared that she would be a great fool to refuse such a brilliant offer, for they would never allow their daughters to commit such an unpardonable blunder.

The other suitor was Edward Lane, a plain, hard-working builder.

He was the son of rather poor parents, both of whom were dead, and had raised himself from the position of a carpenter's apprentice to the head of a large firm, which was then doing an excellent and growing business.

His poverty had forced him to toil steadily from his boyhood, and he was now beginning to reap his reward.

Everyone said that he was on the road to fortune, and that he deserved all he could make.

Mr. Lane did not mean to remain always in the humble position he now held, and he strove hard to fit himself for a higher sphere.

His leisure moments were devoted to study, and at the time of his introduction to the reader there were few in our town who could equal this self-educated man in intelligence and general information.

He kept on steadily at his business, and no one in the place was more highly respected than he was.

Both of these young men were deeply in love with Ellen Halsey.

Some persons thought Mr. Lane stood no chance against his wealthy rival, but he was of a different opinion.

He was not to be driven from his suit by any such fear.

He believed he would make Ellen as good a husband as the other, and he was content that she should decide between them, knowing that money would not affect her decision.

Mrs. Halsey, though she did not attempt to influence her daughter's choice, preferred the wealthier young man.

She had a weak prejudice against people in trade; and, besides this, she thought a marriage with Mr. Harvey would be far better for Ellen in a temporal point of view.

Still she wisely left her to act for herself.

Mr. Halsey was equally neutral, though not less interested in the matter. He preferred the young builder to the independent gentleman, not because of any preference for either avocation but because of the estimates he had formed of the two individuals.

His long experience as a lawyer had made him a keen judge of character, and he had brought all his powers to bear upon this case.

He thought Mr. Lane a better and safer man for his daughter's husband than the other, and was anxious that she should decide in his favor.

As for the lady herself, she was not slow in making up her mind. From the first Mr. Harvey stood no chance with her.

She had her father's penetration, and she quickly discovered that he was not the man to make her happy.

His wealth might give her ease and comfort, but that was not all she wanted, and so she came to the conclusion that it would be a great mistake on her part to marry him.

With regard to Mr. Lane her feelings were different. She admired him from the first, and it was not long before this admiration changed into a tender feeling, and Miss Ellen Halsey was forced to confess that she loved him.

Her heart and her judgment fully agreed in this choice.

In the social scale Mr. Lane was beneath her, but she honored his true and genuine worth, and thought herself fortunate in possessing his love, for the young man, though he had not yet formally avowed his feelings for her, made no attempt to conceal them.

At last Mr. Harvey, thinking it best to be before his rival, made Miss Ellen a formal offer of his hand and heart.

Of course, his offer was declined, without the least hesitation, but kindly and firmly. Mr. Harvey was astounded, for he had never dreamed of a failure.

Strangely enough, he had scarcely left the house, smarting under his defeat, when Mr. Lane entered it, bent on a similar mission.

He did not go away so soon, when he did go, it was with a flush of happiness that told too plainly that he had been successful.

The next day Mr. Lane asked Mr. Halsey's consent to his marriage with his daughter. It was given promptly and cheerfully, and the lawyer expressed his gratification at the result of the matter.

When he told his wife of it, she said she had no doubt that Ellen had acted wisely, but she could not help wishing that the other had had the preference.

"The other, indeed!" exclaimed the lawyer. "Mark my words, my dear wife, you will yet have cause to see the wisdom of Ellen's choice. Edward Lane has more solid worth in him than twenty Harveys."

The surprise of the community was very great when the engagement was announced.

Every one thought she had better have taken Mr. Harvey, for they could not get over the fact of his wealth, but all wished Ellen an abundance of happiness in the choice she had made.

In due time the young couple were married, and established in their own house, as pretty and snug a little cottage as one could wish for.

Ellen made an excellent wife, and more than realized her husband's expectations. Mr. Lane proved to be the best man for her.

He made her very happy, and every day her admiration for him increased, as some new trait of his character developed itself. They lived comfortably and plainly.

Mr. Lane devoted himself energetically to his business, and they became in the course of a few years rich enough to retire.

Mr. Harvey married soon after Ellen's refusal of him.

He won a good, worthy wife, but his wild oats had been sown too deeply for him to make a good husband.

He neglected her, and entered upon a course of extravagance and dissipation that soon brought ruin upon his family and himself.

As Edward Lane rose higher, Alfred Harvey sunk lower.

In view of all this, Mrs. Halsey was forced to confess that Ellen had taken a correct view of the matter, and had indeed made a wise choice.

HOW THE HINDUS LIVE.—A notable feature in the domestic life of the Hindus is the concentration of households. Fathers and son, with the sons' wives and children, all congregate together under one roof. That roof is enlarged to meet the enlarged requirements, but the establishments of separate homesteads appeals to national instincts, custom, and religion. In town or in the country the senior of the family is the common father of all its members, and in this respect there has probably been little change for some thousands of years. No legal act is signed, no important business negotiated, no new connection formed, no family ceremony connected with birth, marriage, or death permitted until the head of the family has been consulted in the first instance. Nor is this merely an idle ceremony. His voice is supreme and all the members of the household so regard it. In the daily distribution of food the younger members of the family are helped first, and the mistress of the household seldom attends to other matters until this important portion of the day's duty is complete. On occasions of festivity the male head of the household and its mistress are enjoined, both by social law and practice, to fast till the last guest has been served. Even then the mistress will not take her meal until her husband has finished eating; but this is a practice of self-denial familiar to the female members of Hindus households. Festival days are very numerous in India, and well-constituted families pride themselves on a rigid attention to punctilious observances during such times.

THRIFT IN THE ARMY.—Not long since the officers of an English regiment gave a grand ball. It is said to have cost each of the host from $400 to $500, and everybody knows pretty well that this is much more than some of them could afford. The Emperor of Germany, on the other hand, when the guards wished to celebrate the coming of age of his grandson, expressly discouraged the festivities on the ground of the expense. Some Danish officers, by the way, are reported to have refused to entertain the officers of the British fleet on the ground that it would cost each of them from two to three months' pay, and very sensible they were.

DECISIVE BATTLES.—"The fifteen decisive battles of the world from Marathon to Waterloo," are: Marathon, 490 B. C.; defeat of the Athenians at Syracuse, 413 B. C.; Arbela, 331 B. C.; Metaurus, 207 B. C.; victory of Arminius over the Roman Legions under Varus, 9 A. D.; Chalons, 451 A. D. Tours, 732 A. D.; Hastings, 1066 A. D.; Joan of Arc's victory at Orleans, 1429 A. D.; defeat of the Spanish Armada, 1588 A. D.; Blenheim, 1704 A. D.; Poltowa, 1709 A. D.; victory of the Americans over Burgoyne at Saratoga, 1777 A. D.; Valmy, 1792 A. D.; Waterloo, 1815 A. D.

Bric-a-Brac.

SQUARE-TOES.—In the reign of Queen Mary of England, square-toed shoes were in fashion, and the men wore them of so prodigious a breadth, that there was a proclamation sent out, "that no man should wear his shoes above six inches square at the toes."

ANCIENT WILLS.—The Roman wills were sealed with three seals, applied after they had pierced the deeds and passed the linen envelope three times through the holes made for that purpose, a method established in the time of Nero "against forgery." Outside the wills were written the names of those who were nominated the principal heirs; on the second, or right hand tablet, were written the names of the legatees.

SWEETMEATS AS FEES.—Sweetmeats were formerly used by clients to influence persons of quality, and judges, to decide any matter in their favor. This custom was so widely extended that Louis X. ordered that the judges should take no more per week than could be purchased for ten cents. Philip, the Handsome, restricted this quantity to what one could use in a single day in his family. To this custom succeeded that of giving money as fees for services.

WHISKERS.—In the English of all centuries preceding the present, whiskers are what we now call moustaches. The dictionaries have never admitted the modern meaning; they have, "hair on the lip." Of course every one is aware what the whiskers are when we speak of a cat. Nevertheless, it might be difficult to confirm the dictionaries, and the recollections of old people, by a very clear quotation; for the mode in which whiskers are usually mentioned will most often apply to any hair on the face.

MISFITS.—This words, which is placarded in the windows of many stores in the larger cities, owes its origin to a shrewd clothing dealer, who, on finding that he was carrying a larger stock than he could sell during the season by ordinary methods, in order to avoid ruin, advertised his stock as a lot of "misfits," purchased from fashionable tailors at nominal prices, and had a big run as the result of his ingenuity, which he had called into play after failing to dispose of his surplus goods by the well-worn trick of a sheriff's sale and damaged by fire.

PUBLIC WARMING-PLACES.—An old French custom is very acceptable in severe cold weather. It is the establishment of *chauffoirs*, or public warming-places, in different parts of the city. These are not a modern invention. As far back as French history is written, warmed rooms were open to the passers-by. The monasteries of the middle ages had their *chauffedoux*, where the poor came to shelter themselves. One curious fact is that the theatres had formerly a saloon where the actors and the spectators came to warm themselves. These *chauffoirs* of the olden time have become the green-room of the present day.

BUNCOMBE.—A generation or so since a North Carolina member of Congress got the floor one day, and delivered a speech so long, so windy, and so full of high-sounding phrases of so little meaning that the hall was deserted of hearers. When asked why he made a speech of so little interest to his fellow members, he replied that he was speaking "for Buncombe," the county which sent him, intending to distribute his speech, when printed, to his constituents there. Ever since, when an orator delivers a very windy speech, with which he hopes to get some renown from people of little understanding, he is said to be "speaking for Buncombe."

HELPING GENIUS.—It is impossible to estimate how much genius owes to timely encouragement. Crebillon, a French author of distinction, born in 1764, was placed with a solicitor named Prieur, at Paris, who awakened in him his latent taste for the drama. It was at his instance that Crebillon wrote his first tragedy, "The Death of Brutus' Sons," which was, however, refused by the theatrical managers, and but for the encouragement which Prieur lavished upon him the youthful author would probably have lost all ambition upon the failure of his first effort. As it was he resumed his pen and produced "Idomeneus," which was favorably received, and then "Atreus," a tragedy, which met with brilliant success. Prieur, then in a dying condition, insisted upon being carried into the theatre, and in his joy at his protege's triumph said to Crebillon, as he embraced him, "I die content; of you I have made a poet, and to my country I give a man."

MAHOMET'S BIBLE.—The Koran was written about A. D., 610. Its general aim was to unite the professors of idolatry and the Jews and Christians in the worship of one God—whose unity was the chief point inculcated under certain laws and ceremonies, exacting obedience to Mahomet the prophet. It was written in Arabic, and this language, which certainly possessed every fine quality, was said to be that of paradise. Mahomet asserted that the Koran was revealed to him, during a period of twenty-five years, by the angel Gabriel. The style of the volume is beautiful, fluent and concise, sublime and magnificent. Mahomet admitted the divine mission both of Moses and Jesus Christ. The leading article of faith which Mahomet preached is compounded of an eternal truth and a necessary fiction, namely, that there is only one God, and that Mahomet is the apostle of God. The Koran was translated into Latin in 1143, and into English and other European languages about 1763. It is a rhapsody of 3000 verses divided into 114 sections.

"THUS IT GOES."

BY F. J.

Laughing eyes—flashing, bright,
Deep, enchanting is this light,
To the glowing heart possessing
Potent power that love bestows;
There they droop, at last confessing
Love and guilt. Well, thus it goes!

Loving eyes, brightest when
Love's confession glads again;
Two hearts beating, lips repeating
Secrets lovers but disclose
To each other. While the fleeting
Hours vanish. Thus it goes!

Eager eyes sadly wait
For the clicking of the gate,
While the shadows silent lingert
Where they fell in days of yore,
Only sadder memories bring her
Of a love that is no more.

Saddened eyes, when life's fate
Dooms a heart to watch and wait,
Warm, brave hearts, though love is banished
Days must dawn and days must close;
Add their hours to other vanished
Days in memory. Thus it goes!

ARDEN COURT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY MARGERIE."

CHAPTER XIII.

MANY a long and anxious hour had the unhappy victim of Hugh Fleming passed in his own dreary room.

He had sternly refused Lewis Delany's earnest invitation to accompany him for the Christmas vacation to his home where Eleanor Norton would also spend her vacation with her guardian.

"No, Lewis, no," said Jasper. "You are very kind; but it cannot be. From henceforth my path in life is different from yours. I have told you that a sudden reverse of fortune has befallen me. My plans must be totally changed. I scarcely know yet what is in store—whether I shall remain at the university or not."

"My dear fellow," said his friend, "I would not intrude on your confidence; but pardon me if I suggest that you should at least take the advice of some more impartial person than yourself. It would be madness to give up a career that promises so well. You bid fair to snatch all the best prizes of the college, and to go out brilliantly in honors. Do not let false pride influence you, Jasper. I can at least offer you my purse; and my uncle has wisdom and kindness that would make him a safe adviser. Come, be ruled for once. Go home with me and consult my uncle; I will answer for it he will not betray your confidence, nor prove unworthy of it."

Jasper's lip trembled visibly, as he replied:

"Lewis, do not urge me; I have enough to bear without losing the kindly regard of my dearest friend. Do not think me childish; I feel that I must bear my burden alone. It is one that would but be more galling from making the confession. I may perhaps think otherwise; I may feel differently; but at present I have arranged for leaving Cambridge during your absence. And if I decide on giving up the hopes that have so long cheered me, then be assured, Delany, that I shall, to the latest hour of life, cherish, with affection and gratitude, the memory of you and yours."

He wrung Delany's hand and turned away.

Perhaps he wished to conceal the moisture in his eyes; perhaps to prevent any further discussion on a topic that could lead to no happy result.

The bare idea of revealing his shame—of telling the uncle and guardian of Nora Norton that he was nameless and obscure—was intolerable to him.

Indeed, the agony of his soul was deepening and increasing with every hour's reflection.

A high, proud, sensitive soul like his, suddenly thrown into such misery, could scarcely fail to brood over his disgrace, until he was almost driven to madness.

Many would have been stung into a reckless, downward course.

In Jasper's case it rather crushed and embittered a nature of singular sensitiveness and morbid delicacy.

In the anguish of the poor youth's heart, and the wide chasm which separated him, the illegitimate, penniless son, from the proud, pure, patrician girl who had won his heart, there was enough to appeal to a stronger nature than he possessed.

Jasper was young certainly to feel such affection, but his was no common character.

The degree of independence which had been his from his childhood, the mystery that hung over his birth, the freedom that had been given him by his guardian, all tended to that result.

His affections, tastes, talents, powers of every kind, were matured far beyond his years; and when, in the first flesh of boyish success, and pride, and joyousness, he saw the beautiful, brilliant superior cousin of his friend, his heart yielded to her charms as readily and as fervently as if five more years had been added to his age.

Nora was his ideal.

Proud, intellectual, not easily read; not prone to give her attention, her thoughts, her feelings to a stranger; with aristocratic bearing, and a face and form supremely beautiful, the cousin of Lewis Delany was the perfect realisation of Jasper's dreams.

Perhaps Nora was better fitted to charm one like Jasper, in the first hey-day of youth, than an older man.

In maturer life men like a softer, more yielding, gentler girl to captive their love, and yet give to them the obedience, the homage, the pre-eminence they desire.

But in early youth, and to one imaginative and proud as Jasper, is in different.

They admire; they almost need a nature of more strength, and decision, and self-reliance.

They are proud to win such; happy to feel the support of such a being. It was so in this case.

Nora's intellect, her originality, her singular grace, her self-reliance, completed a conquest that her striking beauty began, and Jasper yielded himself to her yoke at once and for ever.

And was it known to the young, high-born girl?

Did she perceive and return the affection, the admiration she had excited?

Who could tell?

Certainly she had by do no sign, she said no word that could be construed into such a recognition.

But then, Nora Norton was no common girl, to wear her heart on her sleeve.

Jasper had as yet only hoped.

He dared not even do more and think that some day—when his own aspirations were realised, when his name was known, his anxious efforts crowned with success—it might be possible for him to woo, ay, and perhaps to win, his beautiful ideal.

It had been healthful idolatry as yet. It had saved him from many a temptation—stimulated him to many an effort.

Where tutors and guardian might have preached and urged and threatened in vain, the thought of Nora, the remembrance of her words, the vision of her fair face was enough to re-animate his flagging energies, and to quicken the efforts that he might otherwise have relaxed.

Yes, it had been his safety-lamp. Those beautiful eyes, that pure brow, those proud lips had many a time risen up before him and lighted him on to success.

Now that beauty was his torture, perhaps his ruin. The anguish must be dulled, the pain of that terrible wound silenced, or he would go mad.

When Lewis was gone, when the college was empty, when its silent walks no longer re-echoed with bounding footsteps, or young, manly voices, when the chapel and the hall were left in solitude, and the gardens only tenanted by the budding Spring flowers, then, and not till then, did Jasper begin sternly and determinedly to consider his future.

What was his most honorable, his best, his proudest course?

Yes, his "proudest;" for, in the midst of his disgrace and shame his spirit soared, and his determination to preserve himself from any actual and personal degradation was strong.

He felt that his position was a false one. He was, as it seemed, taking the wages of degradation and shame.

True, his father was bound to maintain him; but he loathed the idea of obligation to the betrayer of his mother.

Then, too, how could he mix with his fellows when that stain was on his brow?—how hold his place among honorable and well-born men, and hide from them, as a hypocrite, his shame?

It was impossible.

That perhaps decided Jasper's course rather than any other motive; for he was young, untried, and fallible; yet the temptation to remain, and to receive the poor and temporary recompense for his wrongs was strong indeed; yet he could not, would not risk the chance of such reproach.

Jasper's resolution was taken.

He would leave Cambridge, and go forth in the world no matter where.

He had a portion of his last quarter's allowance left, after paying all claims, so that he would not depart entirely destitute.

He would have time to consider his career; he would not run the risk of complete and utter pennilessness on his first outset.

The tutors were shocked, indignant, grieved at the resolution of their favorite pupil.

"Are you mad, Mr. Talbot?" said one of the more blunt and plain spoken. "I will not insult you by the slightest hint that it can be more than a caprice, or a great mistake."

"It is neither, sir," said Jasper, looking calmly at him. "You have been very kind to me, and I should be very sorry to forfeit your good opinion. I will tell you so much of my motive, sir, as to say that it is misfortune. I would not wish this to go forth. Let others say what they will; but I would ask you at least to defend me so far that you believed me to be, at least, not foolish, and not guilty."

The tutor's sallow, deeply-lined face was moved by an unusual feeling of regret.

"I will," he replied; but I am very sorry, as you would have been an honor to your college, sir, if you had gone on worthily steadily. It is a sad business—very sad. Can nothing be done?"

Jasper smiled bitterly.

It was indeed "a sad business."

"Nothing, sir, thank you," he replied. "I am grateful for your kindness, which I shall not forget. Good-bye, sir."

"Good-bye, Mr. Talbot," said the tutor. "I hope better times will come for you, my young friend. You have youth on your side, and there is no telling what may happen. Never lose heart, and never forget your self-respect, and then there is little for a young and talented man in this country."

Jasper smiled his thanks.

The words were kind, and to a certain degree re-animating to him; but he felt that the professor knew little of that terrible log which was hung round his neck, and could not conjecture the disgrace and the mortification which must ever keep him below the level of his fellow-men.

Poverty might be turned into wealth; even the lowly born might win name and rank; but for the base-born, the son of shame, there was but one resource—obscurity; only one hope and home—the grave.

* * * * * *

A few weeks after High Fleming had left England he received a letter from the tutor of Trinity, to say that "he was extremely sorry to have the painful duty of informing Mr. Fleming that his ward, Mr. Jasper Talbot, had felt it necessary to leave the University, and had taken his name off the books.

"No stain rested on his character, and he had but to express his own regret and that of the professors, at an event which had stopped a promising career like that of the young undergraduate."

Hugh Fleming read it with a smile, and yet not without a pang.

"It works well," he said; "but not quite so well as I dreamed, not quite. Still it must end in ruin.

"Yes, Reginald Glanville, I told you I would reach your heart yet; and I will.

"I had dreamed of a different ending in the proud lad's case. But it cannot last; he will never brook disgrace, and dishonor, and poverty. I will keep an eye on him if I can get a clue to his whereabouts; and I shall let the anxious father know his son's career.

"Oh yes, it would be a pity for him to lose wife and child without the consolation of knowing their fate.

"In the grave, the madhouse, or the river, he must seek them. Oh yes, it will be a glorious revenge—a revenge worth waiting for, worth living for, I will drain the sweet cup to the dregs, exhaust on him the last agonies of torment, and then—and then——"

Ah, Hugh Fleming! What then?

CHAPTER XIV.

ANOTHER six months had passed since Hilda's last visit to Arden Court.

Day by day, week by week, the shadow of the future rather than the memories of the past had fallen on Philip's soul.

Save for Hilda he would have rejoiced in the prospect of rejoining his dear ones in the world above; he would have calmly awaited his end.

Even as it was, Philip heard in the rush of the rain-storm, the distant moan of the sea, and the wail of the winds, all these solemn voices speaking to his heart; and they brought peace to him.

Yes, plain and sternly lined, and aged, as that face was becoming, there was a charm beyond all physical beauty in the soul within.

Avice Merton saw it; and even her spirit warmed and softened.

The servants saw it, and whispered that "Master looked too good for this world," and Mrs. Hislop on her death-bed (for the good woman's presentiment had been fully realised) saw it too, and said that she was not going long before her dear master.

Thus passed the early Spring months, and the soft breezes and blossoms of May had failed to bring a brighter light to Philip's eyes, or to invigorate his frame.

And then came June, and with it the return of Hilda was daily expected.

Avice had been a gentle and attentive nurse to her cousin during his long and gradual drooping and decay.

She had seldom left the house, now that he became more dependant on constant tending and companionship, and even changed her bed-room to be nearer to him during the night.

Nothing could be more irreproachable than her manner, her calm, equable forbearance, her constant attention, her apparent devotion to a relative who could now only repay her by the amount of the legacy he might bequeath to her.

If Avice had ever cherished other hopes, other wishes, they were at rest now for ever.

There was no marrying nor giving in marriage to be looked for now.

The heart's sole love, and interest, and thoughts of Philip Arden were in the long-grave under the weeping willows.

Avice knew it now; and the calm, subdued tone she had assumed since Bessie's death was so marked as to defy scandal from the most censorious.

Hilda was expected home in about another week. Another year would complete her training.

She was just sixteen; and when she attained her seventeenth birthday Philip had always determined that her education, so far, as school discipline went, should end.

"Another year," Avice whispered to herself," and it will rest with others to order the future of the orphan."

Avice said nothing, and only preserved the same quiet, affectionate demeanor as before.

Still, as the time drew near for Hilda's return, she became restless and fevered. Even Philip perceived it.

He could watch her abstracted reveries, the sudden start, and the keen questioning glance she would cast on him at times when she scarcely deemed herself observed.

He saw also the absent manner in which she would order the arrangements of the household, and the half-gloomy, half-bitter phrases that would escape her when any slight provocation offered.

Philip's kind heart attributed all this to her anxiety for his health, and he thought anxiously over her position when he should be taken away.

"Poor Avice," thought he, "she will again be friendless and homeless, so far as companionship and domestic ties are concerned.

"I would fain have ordered matters for her to have remained here as mistress and guardian to Hilda, but I must not. I have not been so blind as not to perceive that there is no congeniality between them.

"Avice cannot comprehend my poor darling's bright, impulsive, wayward nature; and Hilda dare not like or trust her. I saw it, and could not blame, though I might grieve over it.

"The mature, calm, staid woman, and the bright, beautiful girl are so different. Had Avice been a wife and mother, she might have comprehended her, and sheltered, and watched, and disciplined the high young spirit with a mother's love and care; but as it is, I must not, dare not trust her. Marian's child shall not be as unhappy as her mother; she shall not be exposed to evil or unfavorable influences in her youth; and it might be that the very antipathy between her and Avice would work woe to that young spirit. No, I must fulfil my pledge to the dead. Hilda is as my own child, and I will in all things do her justice as such."

Then he reflected for awhile.

"I will arrange it," he said, "as best I can. I must not delay; who knows when the time may come?"

That afternoon Philip took a walk to Marian's grave. Perhaps he wished to think and take counsel there; perhaps some undefined impulse led him to her resting-place.

At any rate, his visit was prolonged and solitary, and Avice was almost alarmed at his protracted absence.

She was sitting in the library, as usual, when he returned, pale and languid, yet with a sweet, placid look on his face.

That apartment was their usual sitting-room, for the drawing-rooms were shut up since Bessie's death and Hilda's absence, and only the dining-room and breakfast-room and the library were occupied by the invalid recluse and his constant companion.

It was a chilly evening, albeit June had already pressed on the footsteps of May, and Philip was always so susceptible of such influences that a fire was burning on the hearth.

He sat down by it in pensive quietude.

The twilight cast a subdued and saddened expression on his care-worn face; and from time to time his hand was pressed on his heart with an involuntary contraction of the features.

"Are you ill, dear Philip?" said Avice, softly.

"No, Avice; at least, no more than I must now ever expect to be," he replied. "Only a touch of my old complaint—palpitation of the heart. But it is nothing unusual. It will soon pass away."

"You have been out too long, Philip," said Avice. "I must venture to chide you for your imprudence. The dew is falling too fast for an invalid to be out."

"I have not walked much, Avice," he said, smiling sadly. "I have not been far."

Her face darkened, for though she had long since given up all ideas of replacing Marian Halloway in Philip's heart, yet the name of her who had defeated all such golden hopes was odious to her.

But the shadow passed, and she looked with gentle reproach on the calm visage.

"Ah, Philip," she said, "will the past never be buried? Must I ever see my dear cousin's heart saddened and clouded by one unfading memory? Can I never make you happy, dear Philip?"

"Avice," said he, "you do all that woman can. The tenderest sister, the kindest, could not avail more than you for the soothing and calming of my last days; but there are depths no one can reach—no one but the Omniscient."

He raised his head slowly and reverently to the skies, now purple grey, in the brightly sitting sun.

"You will not find me ungrateful, dear Avice," he resumed, after a short pause; "but now let us leave off discussing myself, and speak of other and more important things. Do you believe in dreams, Avice?"

"No, Philip," she replied, smiling, "I am too old—too matter-of-fact for such romance. But why do you ask, dear cousin?"

He paused a moment, then said, "Only this, Avice. I dreamed of the dead last night. I saw poor Marian and Bessie. Marian was happy, and so beautiful; and Bessie seemed to beckon me, as if she wanted me to follow. What does that betoken, Avice?"

"If I were to attach any importance to it, Philip," she replied, smiling sadly, "I should say that, according to the old doctrine, dreams go by contraries, and therefore it is no evil sign. I remember my old nurse, a great authority in such matters, used to say, 'Dream of the dead, and you will hear from those you love among the living.' And if you attach any significance to such things, Philip, it must be so interpreted."

"It is sad nonsense, Avice," he said, returning the smile that she strove to give; "but when the body and mind are born weak, one is apt to get foolish and superstitious. Well, let us consider it so. We shall soon hear from our dear Hilda. It is but ten days to the vacation. Do you think she could come before? I have a strange longing to see her, Avice; and who knows what may happen!

The brow of the spinster cousin darkened, and the tone was harsh and cold in which she replied:

"Yes, I presume so, Philip. Mrs. Cooper would hardly refuse it, if you wish, only there is at times a great objection to breaking up the final examination of the term."

Her face had recovered its usual placid look, but her heart was swelling with indignant pride.

"Always the same," she thought; "ever in his thoughts, and if I mistake not, in his will. And then she will step in, and lord it over his own blood relations—his natural kith and kin, and I shall be exiled for a nameless child."

She bit her lip at the thought, but a moment was enough for the idea and its expression, and the next instant her voice was bland and sweet once more.

"But, Philip," she resumed, "do as you feel inclined. You have but to express the wish, and of course it will be complied with. But do you feel worse, Philip?"

"No; that is, not especially so," he replied; "only this fearful palpitation increases so fast, and I cannot resist it as I used to do. But still it may be nothing. It will, I dare say, soon pass off; and then, when Hilda comes, I may revive like the flowers for a time; only I have a longing to see her."

Again Avice's heart whispered angrily, "Hilda! always that girl;" but her lips replied:

"It shall be done, dear Philip. I will write to-morrow, and on the next day perhaps Hilda can be here. I shall send Josiah Blunt for her, as I can scarcely leave you myself."

"Yes," smiled Philip, "the lad can be trusted. I believe he would lay down his life for Hilda. He fairly worships her. Poor lad! he has not had much to love in his hard life."

There was silence for a time; then Avice said, gently, "Philip, I have ever respected your grief, and the memory of the past; but yet, now that we are speaking on that subject, let me at least ask for a reply to what has long perplexed me.

"May I speak?"

"Assuredly Avice," said Philip, "you have earned the right."

"Then pardon me," she said; "but it has always puzzled me how you can find such solace and happiness in the presence of Hilda, beautiful and fascinating as I will grant she is.

"She is the child of——well, I will only say one who caused you much pain, and of another, who must at least be your bitterest enemy.

"And yet you love her, and find delight in the very being who has wrought such misery in your heart and home."

Philip's face had been averted slightly as Avice spoke, but his calmness returned ere she had concluded.

"Avice," said he, "you are wrong. As to Marian—you see I can speak plainly now—I have long ceased to think of or love her, save as an angel.

"And for the unhappiness I suffered, I can now look back and thank God that He, so ordered my course as to avert the very trial that might have been so much more painful. She was not suited for me, nor I for her.

"She was too bright and fair a jewel for so dark and plain a setting; and had the blossom faded and withered in my bosom, I could never have pardoned myself the wrong I had involuntarily done.

"She had an instinct in her preference; she would have loved me, been grateful to me—ay, as a friend, a brother—and uncle, if you will, but never as a lover, a husband should be loved.

"And when the handsome, winning stranger came, her young heart recognized at once its true affinity to youth and attractions like her own.

"Thank you, Avice that I should not have suffered greater agony had I seen her miserable drooping dying, as my pining wife, or driven from my arms by the terrible force of temptation? No, I can thank God that I was at least innocent of her death and misery, that I soothed her last hours, and received the assurance of her true affection and regard.

"And as for him: dare I judge, where I may be soon Judged? Dare I venture to measure his temptations, his difficulties, when I am even ignorant of all but that my poor Marian loved him with her whole heart, and that she pardoned him? Avice, I dare not meet my Maker with resentment cherished in my heart, even against him.

"Thank Heaven, I have pardoned him; and as for my sole remaining treasure, the child of the being who shed its sole romance and sweetness on my life, she is indeed the idol of my withered heart. Can you not see this, and comprehend it, Avice?"

Had she spoken truly she would have said, "No." But she said gently and sweetly, "Yes Philip; yes, I can."

"Avice," he continued, dreamily, "if it should happen that I am not spared to see Hilda, tell her that she was the joy of my life. Bid her be happy; bid her think of me as her father, her friend, her dearest and most loving guardian. Will you, Avice?"

"I will," was her earnest reply. Ah! what did I mean, as she went on? "I will tell her all the truth, dear Philip, fear not that! But why anticipate that you should not see her yourself and tell her all you desire she should know?"

"I don't anticipate, Avice," he said; "but who can tell what a day may bring forth?" And again he fell into a fit of deep musing.

A few hours after this conversation Philip Arden and Avice took their evening meal together. Then she mixed him a glass of warm, spiced négus, with a gentle admonition to retire to bed, and prepared to leave him for the night.

"I am rather tired myself, Philip," she said, "and shall indulge in an early sleep to-night."

She gave him her hand, and he pressed it warmly.

"Good night, Avice," said he; "God bless you."

He held her hand in his for a moment, then repeated, "God bless you, Avice! you have been a kind and faithful friend to me; and you will be rewarded."

Avice looked at him with her bland, soft eyes. Very strange eyes they were. Grey and calm, and quiet, yet with a strange, furtive glance concealed in their subdued calmness.

"Dear Philip," she said, "it has been my happiness, and will be for many a year, I hope."

He drew her head down to his, and touched her brow with his lips.

"Good night, Avice," he said again.

It was the first time for many a long month that he had taken that cousinly freedom.

Avice went to bed, or rather she went to her room, for she did not even attempt to sleep.

She took off her dress, and put on her large dressing wrapper; then she sat down in the easy chair by the fire, and thoughts—strange, long-wandering thoughts—and transient struggles came over her busy brain.

Yet they were scarcely struggles that convulsed her features for an instant, or brought a changing color to her cheeks.

No, Avice had determined on her course.

She scarcely knew to what extent that firm resolve might be needed—that selfishly persistent and unconquerable will; but she did know that it was her fixed and unchangeable resolve that she would accomplish her plans, whether at more or less risk, with more or less trouble to herself.

Avice sat on, revolving the plans and possibilities, the difficulties of the task before her, till the clock struck twelve.

Then she started.

A footstep seemed to pass along the corridor, where her bedroom was situated.

Could Philip have remained up so late after her warning?

She stole to the door and opened it.

Philip's room was just opposite to her own.

The door was nearly closed; a faint light burnt through the crevice.

She dared not open it, or attempt to approach it, lest it might arouse Philip and lead to her detection.

Yet what need she fear?

If she were seen, it would only be an amiable desire for his health and safety.

No; it was but the secret consciousness of her sentiments that could alarm her; so she at last opened the door yet further and wrapping her dressing-gown round her stepped out into the corridor.

She went to the door of Philip's room; she peeped through the crevice. It was at first nearly obscure, from the heavy curtains that hung over the bed and down the window frames.

But at last she perceived Philip sitting at an escritoire that stood in a corner of his room.

It was an old-fashioned piece of furniture, that had been brought from his old and humble home, a relic of earlier days.

The escritoire was open now, and Avice could see that Philip was gazing at some object before him.

Whether papers or something more valuable she could scarcely say, though she lingered long, and at last knelt down and gently pushed open the door wider to examine more minutely.

Then came a slight movement of the chair.

Philip was evidently about to rise, and Avice fled back to her room.

She still watched.

She would not close the door, but stood behind it, staring narrowly through the slight crevice.

For some minutes no distinct movements could be perceived. Then the steps of Philip Arden, though feeble and quiet, came towards the door.

He did not close it as she expected but passed gently through, and along the corridor. Still Avice looked earnestly. Where was he going? What could be his purpose at that time, and in his feeble state of health?

She waited for some time in expectation of his return, but in vain. He had gone distinctly down the stairs, and towards the library, in which she had left him two hours before. But the steps did not sound again; and Avice waited and waited till at length very strange thoughts came into her mind.

"Where was he? What had been his errand in his room at that hour? and why had he left it not to return?"

She watched thus for a quarter of an hour or more, then she stepped cautiously forth. The feeble and indistinct light of a night lamp was burning in his room.

She gazed stealthily round. No sound or sight arrested her, and then she pushed the door quite open.

The room was empty. The escritoire lay open, and the objects were scattered about on which Philip had been gazing with such interest. Again Avice listened.

She crept to the stairs; all was dark and still. No one near. Then she returned, and entered the apartment.

The dim night lamp was burning on the table close to the escritoire. She seized it, and approached the old strange piece of furniture. On the green baize lay papers and other smaller objects. A miniature, open, of a face which Avice knew full well, some letters, a ring, a massive locket, and a book, in the fly-leaf of which was written, "From Marian, to Philip."

The date was nearly twenty years before, and the writing, with that of the letters, was brown and faded.

Avice paused hastily over all these trifles, so valueless to all but their owner, and her quick, snake-like eyes fell on one of far more precious import to her.

It was a thick paper, with a few lines on it. For an instance she gazed on it, then she clutched it for a minute in her hand, and seemed inclined to tear it to pieces.

Then she suddenly paused, looked, and after one more glance that took in every syllable of the document, she turned away and left the room.

Avice entered her own room, and, gently closing the door, threw herself into a large chair, and began to ponder.

Her cheeks were very pale, and her lips moved convulsively; but no words escaped her to show the cause of the passion.

For half an hour or more Avice remained thus, then she seemed to rouse suddenly to a sense of her position, and she started up and once more went to the door.

She could see that Philip's room was in the same state—that the door was precisely as she had left it.

She gazed down the corridor. All was silent and dark.

Then the clock on the great staircase struck one.

It was impossible that Philip could remain so long at that hour in the solitude of the library.

She gathered up resolution at last; she would at least seek him. Nothing could appear very suspicious in that.

In his state of health, it was but like a nurse and a kind cousin to watch over him. There was nothing prying nor suspicious in that, when his state of health was considered.

So she rose and went softly down the stairs.

The house was still and dark; the objects looked strange in the darkness, just illumined by the lamp she carried. She gazed stealthily, shudderingly round as she passed across the hall to the library.

The sombre green baize door was shut, it seemed prison-like and gloomy in the unusual darkness and as she pushed it gently it swung to against her. She opened the inner door; the room was before her now. Was it untenanted?

The lights had burned out; the fire was so low as not to give any light to the room.

Avice closed the door once more, in the belief that Philip could not be there. And yet if not, where was he?

A cold shiver came over her. Something in the air of the room, the solitude, the darkness, the stillness, oppressed her very breathing.

Her spirit gave way for once. She would have given much to be again in her own apartment.

But just as she was about to close the door and retire hurriedly up the way by which she had come, the light of the lamp she carried suddenly flashed on a figure and a face.

A figure seated in an arm-chair, rigid and motionless.

A face white as marble, and as stony.

It was Philip Arden.

Avice did not shriek at the spectacle.

Yet it was a thrilling and shocking one, that pale face in the dim light, the half-revealed figure—the hour, the solitude, the presence of Death.

For Avice did not doubt it; her eyes did not deceive her.

The master of Arden, the lover of Marian, the guardian of Hilda, the kind friend, the generous patron, the beloved master—was dead!

Alone, in the darkness and solitude of the night in the very midst of the memorials of the past, of the provisions for the future, Philip Arden had died.

He, the kindly, the good, who had wiped away so many tears, was gone; he who had soothed the deathbed of the erring Marian, had died unaided and alone.

But it was not these thoughts that occured to Avice as she gazed. It was first, the paralysing horror of the sight, and next, the necessity for action at the moment.

Suddenly she approached him and touched his cold cheek and hand.

The touch electrified her.

She sprang back with a faint shriek.

But the fact was certain.

If she could doubt it before, she could not now.

The next instant Avice left the room, and closed the door.

She went up the long staircase, and along the corridor, but not to her own room.

No, it was not that shelter she sought, but Philip's apartment.

She hastily entered it.

The lamp she carried, in addition to the bright light burning, well illumined the large room.

She hastened to the escritoire.

Once more she scanned that paper.

A bitter smile came over her as she read.

Then she seized a penknife.

For a minute all was still, save the slight grating of the penknife.

Then after a few minutes even that had ceased; yet still Avice bent over the paper, solemnly and earnestly.

Her face was very pale, and her whole frame shook, but the will was firm, and so was the hand.

At last she rose, and closed the escritoire, shut the secret lock, that only needed pressure to secure it when the secret was known, and then prepared to leave the room.

As Avice emerged from its darkness, she started, shrieked, and would have fallen to the ground had not her trembling form been caught in the arms of the figure that had caused the shock.

Yes, to the guilty Avice the moving light, the half-dressed figure, the steps on the carpet of the corridor, were enough to scare her into catalepsy.

And yet it was only Josiah Blunt, the half-witted dependant, the menial servant of the family of Philip Arden, that had thus startled her.

Her strong mind soon regained its power.

She raised herself from his arms, and looked at him with an indignant frown.

"Josiah, what brings you here at such an hour?" she asked. "Are you mad, to be prowling near those rooms at the dead of night?"

"I heard a noise, Miss Avice," said the lad, perfectly unmoved by her rage, "and what's more, I was certain there was a light and steps in my master's room; and if it had been in the king's palace, and I thought Mr. Arden was in danger, I'd come."

"I estimate your good feeling and gratitude as it deserves, my lad," said Avice, now fully recovered. "Indeed, I myself heard some noise, and came to see what was the matter; but I see Mr. Arden is not there, which confuses me. I am afraid he must have been taken ill."

There was a strange, keen glance in the lad's eyes as he looked at that pale face.

"I think so too, Miss Avice," said he; "and what's strange, I thought I heard steps come straight from the library to this room, and when I saw the door open, and the light, I made sure my master had been down for something, and was ill. Suppose we go and see, Miss Avice."

Her eyes were keen, and sharpened by terror and suspicion, but she could make out nothing definite from the lad's face.

"Had you just come, then?" she asked.

"Certainly, Miss Avice," he replied. "Didn't you meet me as you came from the room?"

That was true, and Avice's terrors subsided.

"You are right," she said, "we will go at once to the library. I feel terribly alarmed. Shall we call the other servants?"

Imagine Avice Merton asking counsel of the half-witted menial! It was too strange to be altogether natural, but the circumstances perhaps warranted it.

"No, Miss Avice," said he; "I am not frightened, if you are not. Better lose no time."

The lad led the way fearlessly down the long staircase. Avice followed; she dared not linger behind. The boy hastily opened the door.

The light was stronger and more powerful than the one Avice had brought, with her before, and he immediately discovered the truth.

A low sound escaped the lad; it was scarcely surprise, scarcely grief, still less the execration of a foul deed; but a muttered, indistinct ejaculation that might be interrupted for any of the three.

He gazed for a few seconds on his inanimate master; then he flew to the bell, and a peal resounded through the old mansion that would have roused the senseless one had a spark of life remained in the heart and brain.

Then the usual scene followed.

Terrified, shrieking, fainting servants—a man despatched for a physician—anxious whisperings and lamentations till he arrived; and then the confirmation of what every one saw and felt.

The master of Arden was dead! and the cause of his death was easily explained; it was the complaint that had so long weighed on him—that complaint so easily hastened and confirmed by the long pressure of distress and grief—disease of the heart. Ah, in many cases how richly is this common verdict deserved! The poor heart is diseased, mentally and physically.

Now come all the other concomitants of the death of the owner of such a property. Lawyers sealed up the drawers and escritories till the will could be read; and undertakers received orders for a suitable funeral.

Hilda, the beloved Hilda, was indeed sent for earlier than she expected, but on what a different errand! The only friend she had left was to be seen by her but once again, and that when his eyes could no more meet hers, nor his lips return her filial embrace.

It was touching to see Hilda's deep, silent grief, all unlike the passionate sorrow natural to her age; and equally so to see the kind, maternal soothing of Avice.

The servants praised Miss Avice for once; she was so gracious, so gentle in the temporary but absolute power she wielded; and so kind to Miss Hilda, so patient, so careful to humor her every wish.

Even the orders for mourning, the directions for the funeral were submitted to her decision.

Avice would refer the minor details to her with a look and tone that said:

"You are the probable heiress here; and it is for me to yield to your commands."

Josiah Blunt was the only one who abstained from sharing in the general praise of Miss Avice.

He said nothing, save by his looks; but then he was but half-witted, and what were the caprices of a half-wit, who was crazy about Miss Hilda!

Thus went on the sad, silent days till the one fixed for the funeral. Only a few friends were expected. Philip had been so great a recluse, that the county families knew but little of him personally. The carriages of several would follow; but only the lawyer, the doctor, the clergyman, and three or four of the oldest friends of the family were to be present. The rest of the procession was to be made up by the tenants, the servants, and the villagers, who all knew and loved the master of Arden.

The eve of the day had come.

Hilda visited the chamber of death to take a last look ere the loved features were sealed from her view for ever.

She went alone, for Avice had not once entered the room since that eventful night.

She had given as her reason that the extreme shock her feelings had sustained, and the shattered condition of her nerves, made the effort impossible to her. Indeed her pallid face and quivering voice as she spoke, too well confirmed her words.

So Hilda's last farewell kiss and prayer for help, protection, and counsel, was in

solitude, by the side of her guardian's senseless form. Her tears fell softly and silently, and her heart was comforted, for she firmly trusted in Him who is the Father of the Fatherless.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Ten-Dollar Fee.

BY CHARLES NAYLOR.

HOWEVER villages may differ in size and appearance, men and manners, all are alike in one respect.

There is but one hero in a village, and in Sanderville this was Anthony Sanders.

His father, who had borne the title of Squire Sanders, and in honor of whose great-grandfather the village had been named, had long since died, leaving Anthony sole heir of his domains, and successor in his business; which was that of vending wares of various kinds, after the manner of a country store.

Heroes should be described—both person and character; my hero and the hero of Sanderville was a little man, in every sense of the word; his height did not exceed five feet four inches, his person was extremely thin and skeleton-like, surmounted by broad, huge shoulders, presenting an appearance which rendered it doubtful whether he was not deformed.

In his face there was nothing remarkable, save its utter vacuity; whether the fires of genius sparkled in his eyes, none knew, for they were almost entirely concealed by drooping lids and shaggy brows.

His mind never roamed beyond the precincts of the village—never soared above the height of its church spire; the idea of fame and glory had never entered his head; dealing in sixpences was his appropriate sphere.

He had no familiar acquaintances or friends; never associated with the young gentlemen, never spoke to the young ladies, and never looked at them in church.

Strange *hero*, you say, but he was the *hero* of Sanderville; all talking about him. The old ladies would give a sly wink as they told their daughters that whoever was so lucky as to win Anthony Sanders, would win a fortune; the old gentlemen would respond, "Yes, Mr. Sanders will die a rich man."

The young beaux laughed at the old beau (for he was a little on "the shady side" of fifty) and wished for his money to make a dash; the girls wondered why he did not get married, and why he never noticed them.

It was a Saturday in summer. The old stage-coach wheeled into the village of Sanderville, and halted at Mrs. Allen's door. Soon was the news spread from one end of the village to the other, and echoing from mouth to mouth was heard, "Miss Lucy Dufay is in town;" "Mrs. Allen's niece has arrived;" and the responses, "Have you seen her?" I wonder how she looks!" "Is she pretty?" soon followed. To satisfy their curiosity and answer their questions, all repaired to church at an early hour on the following morning; and eagerly were all eyes turned to the entrance doors, to see when Miss Dufay should enter with her aunt. At length Mrs Allen entered, followed by a young lady, apparently eighteen of a slight though rather tall figure, neatly dressed in white; a small gipsy carelessly tied, displayed to good advantage rosy cheeks, laughing eyes of blue, and playful curls of light brown hair. This was Lucy Dufay; and as she took her seat, the uneasy and jealous glances of the young ladies, and the prolonged gaze of the young gentlemen, told that they thought her (as the young ladies feared she would be) very pretty. Anthony Sander's pew was next to Mrs. Allen's, and he was observed to cast two side-way glances at Miss Dufay during the morning service.

Two weeks after Miss Dufay's arrival saw Mr. Sanders at Mrs. Allen's door.

He was ushered into the parlor where the ladies were present.

Mr. Sanders was introduced.

He talked to Mrs. Allen upon village affairs; and the inexpediency of the projected application to the next legislature for a bank.

He asked Miss Dufay how she liked the village, how long she intended staying with her aunt, and a few other questions of minor importance; then, with a wonderful flourish of hands and head, he bade them "good night," and departed.

Mrs. Allen and Lucy Dufay understood the purport of Mr. Sanders' visit.

Mr. Sanders called, Miss Lucy received him; her aunt was not in the parlor, and he made no inquiries for her. Lucy remarked it, and was pleased.

"Now," thought she, "my aunt is not here to scold me for coquetry. I will have my own fun with the old bachelor. I'll get his heart to-night. He don't ask for my aunt, he's come to see me, and is now going to make proposals. I hope so; if he does I won't refuse him."

Lucy talked and laughed, and tried to make Mr. Sanders laugh, but all to no purpose; his mind was absent—where, she knew not; perhaps, behind his counter, making the change of a shilling or calculating the price of a riband; he was all abstraction, and Lucy gave up all hopes of fun with such a genius.

The evening was almost gone. He looked at his watch, (it was silver,) compared it with the clock upon the mantel-piece, thought the clock rather fast, drew his chair a little near to Miss Lucy's, passed his fingers through his hair, gave a long hem.

"Then you like our village very much, Miss Dufay?"

"Yes; I think it very pleasant."

"Do you like it better than the city?"

"I think that in time I might become quite as much attached to it."

"How long do you intend to stay in town? Will you spend the winter with your aunt?"

"I have not yet decided upon the exact length of my visit."

"Do you think you could pass your life here?"

"Oh yes, sir, I think I could."

"What part of the village do you like best?"

"Indeed, all parts are so agreeable to me, I should be puzzled in making a selection."

"How do you like the situation of my house?"

"I think you have a delightful place."

"Will you accept it as your future residence?"

"I thank you, yes Mr. Sanders."

"Then I may send for Mr. Melville, the minister?"

"If you please."

"I suppose you can hardly fix the time at present, and without consulting your aunt?"

"Not the precise time. If you have no objections, I should prefer next month."

"But there are some few things I want to speak about before" said he "parson, fee, city style of marriage."

"That is altogether new, Mr. Sanders. I suppose, however, that you have heard of the new wedding-fashions; according to them, you stand on the left side. Do you like the custom?"

"Oh! that is of no importance; don't care on which side I stand; but the fee, what's that?"

"One of my cousins in the city gave a hundred dollars; I should think that fifty would be a very handsome fee in the country."

Mr. Sanders raised his hands—nay, opened his eyes; hundred—fifty dollars—break a man—can't afford it—never get married.

"I beg pardon," said Lucy, "I don't know what the proportion would be for the country; it is, at least, no matter; you must know better than myself."

Mr. Sanders thought seriously of the matter; "fifty—astonishing—unheard of—must be an extravagant girl—one thing, gives up her point easily—lets me do as I please—will do something more than common—pay ten dollars—large fee, to be sure—but would never be married again; and a rich wife too—yes."

The sun rose bright and clear, and gayly shown upon the village of Sanderville. It was the wedding morn. The clock struck eight. Mrs Allen's family were assembled in the parlor. Miss Dufay, arrayed in bridal robes, sat upon the sofa; on her left was Mr. Sanders, according to appointment; his coat neatly brushed, and his white gloves smoothly put on: on her right sat her cousin, the tall and elegant Mr. Armsby. Mr. Sanders had called on the minister, paid the ten dollar fee, and he was momentarily expected. He came. Mr. Sanders and Miss Dufay and Mr. Armsby, one of her cousins from the city arose; the final moment arrived, the moment of joining hands. Miss Dufay looked at Mr. Sanders (a smile of exultation was on his lips) and placed her hand in her cousin's. Mr Sanders was chopfallen; he did not understand city customs and hundred dollar fees, and said nothing. He was in the act of being married to the wealthy Miss Dufay, the heiress; and it was of little consequence how the ceremony was performed. If it was only binding. He thought, however, that he preferred old fashions to new; he would have liked it quite as well if Lucy had given him her hand, instead of her cousin.

The ceremony was completed. Lucy and her cousin were married. The minister had pronounced them "Husband and wife," when Mr. Sanders started.

"How's this! Miss Dufay?"

"How! Mr. Sanders?"

"I don't understand this, Miss Dufay."

"To whom are you speaking, Mr. Sanders?"

"I spoke to you. I don't understand——"

"Oh! to Mrs. Armsby."

"To Mrs. Armsby! What do you mean?"

"Simply what I say. I understood you to be talking to me—to Mrs. Armsby."

"But, are you married to Mr. Armsby?"

"Certainly, I appeal to——"

"Mr. Melville, how's this? have you married them—Miss Dufay and he?" cried Sanders in a rage, pointing, at the same time, to Mr. Armsby, who bit his lips to restrain his laughter.

"I have—and no power on earth can separate them."

"But you promised to marry me," cried the astonished bachelor.

"I promised to marry Miss Dufay at your request; to whom, you did not mention. I have married her—pray what's the blame?"

"I paid ten dollars, and now not married. Fool!"

"Well may you say so," said Mrs. Armsby laughing.

"Miss Dufay.

"Mrs. Armsby, you mean."

"List! you promised to marry me—treat me so!"

"When, Mr. Sanders?"

"When! ask yourself—you've forgotten."

"I never promised to marry you, Mr. Sanders."

"What! deny it—never promised! What did you say the first evening I saw you alone? didn't promise?"

"Promise to marry you! You offered me your house, and I thanked you for it. You asked if you might send for Mr. Melville, and I gave my consent."

"Heavens!" cried the old bachelor, and he could no longer restrain his rage—he stamped "city girls and fashions—she did promise—I know she did—curse her—heiress gone—fifty thousand dollars dead loss, and ten dollars to boot—shall pay back fee—Melville, you shall pay it back—shameful!"

A coach was at the door—Mr. and Mrs. Armsby entered it, and as they said good-bye," laughing rather than weeping prevailed throughout the company. Lucy bowed and said good-bye to Mr. Sanders; he did not deign to answer her, and the coach drove away.

Mr. Sanders is still unmarried; he has given up the game of fortune-hunting—curses the girls especially—hates city fashions—never goes to weddings, and cannot forget the ten dollar fee.

A Woman's Wit.

BY W. BURTON.

WE have a very acute officer in the city, and from him I learned a little regarding the difficulty experienced in tracking criminals.

Some years ago, an extensive forgery was reported to the police; and on the evening of the same day a serious burglary was carried out in a jeweler's premises in the city.

There was not the slightest trace of the daring criminals.

The detective department was in despair; and the usual outcry as to the inefficiency of the police began to make itself heard.

The detective told off for the burglary chanced to obtain a slight trace of some of the missing property, suspicion having attached itself to the inmates of a certain house, owing to their lavish expenditure of money.

Further inquiries only strengthened the suspicion; but although there was the strongest proof that the police were on the right trail, none of the jewelry or silver plate could be discovered.

This was exasperating, more especially as the detective had been assured that the property was actually taken into that house.

The officer went to the station very despondent, and sought to beguile his thoughts by reading a volume of Poe's stories.

He had got the length of the 'Missing Letter,' when he started up, blaming his own folly, and proceeded again to the suspected house. Acting on the suggestion of the tale, he determined, this time, not to look under carpets and into mysterious cavities, or to tear up hollow-sounding portions of the floor.

Knowing now that the safest place to hide anything was where people would never think of looking—as in the case of the letter stealing the gentleman in the face from the mantel-piece—the detective, accompanied by another officer, went into the house; and there, outside one of the windows, looking to the back-green, and attached to a strong cord to the lintel, they found a bag containing all the silver plate.

But there was no trace of the jewels, some of which were of great value. The officers had another look round, a little encouraged by their partial success.

The main room was elegantly furnished, the oriel window being gay with a rich parterre of flowers in handsome vases. My informant went forward to the window, took hold of one of the plants, when it came away in his hand, revealing the fact, that the earth in the pot did not reach the bottom of the vase. In a few minutes, the whole property was recovered from the several vases.

An arrest and conviction followed, with a sentence of ten years' penal servitude to each of the ingenious thieves.

While the prisoners were awaiting their trial, one of them dropped a hint which rather enlightened a turnkey on the subject of the forgery, which, as above mentioned, had also happened on the same day of the theft.

The detective was at once made aware of the information, which at first appeared insignificant. But this trifle light as air proved important enough.

The slight clue was followed up with relentless perseverance, with the result of bringing to light the fact that the forger had spent large sums of money in the very house where the burglars had been arrested. It was easy to get information from the inmates who had not been taken into custody. The detective at last became aware that the man he was in search of was betrothed to a young lady, the daughter of a very prominent citizen. Curiously enough, the crime had not got into the newspapers; while, on the other hand, the authorities had been heavily handicapped through the absence of any photograph of the criminal. The detective called upon the young lady, when he had assured himself of the absence of the parents, and asked quietly to show him her album.

With great self-possession the girl brought the book, and looked steadily at her visitor's face; nor did she exhibit the slightest feeling when the detective, with a half-smile, congratulated her on being a clever woman, although he thought she might have been even more so, if she had filled up the page from which she had taken the photograph which had faced her own. He left the house with the conviction that while the girl knew of the whereabouts of her lover, she was a match for the cleverest of criminal officers. Let me tell the story in the detective's own words.

"As I went about, considerably annoyed at the way we had been checkmated, I saw the girl come out of a shop. Strolling in, I purchased a small article, and learned from the garrulous shopkeeper that he had just sold a large trunk.

Here was a new phase. The young lady, it was generally admitted, had a great regard for the young man, and would very probably do all in her power to save him. Did she intend to leave the city? That was the point to be determined.

I also learned, through proceedings which I am not called upon to explain, that the young lady had a private account at a bank in the city—not the one where the forgery had been committed—and took steps to ascertain her money transactions; when, to my infinite surprise, I was told that on the previous day she had withdrawn a sum of fifteen hundred dollars, explaining that she wished to place it in an investment of a private nature. But imagine my astonishment when I learned that on a certain day, about the time the forgery was committed, she had lodged nine hundred dollars—a hundred less than the sum obtained by the forger.

I now resolved to set my knowledge and authority against a woman's 'is, not at all hopeful of the result.

I met her in the street, where she affected not to recognize me.

I followed; and when we came to a quieter thoroughfare, she turned, and at once addressed me by name.

After some expressions of regret at the nature of my duties, I let her understand all I knew of the case, at the close giving a threat that I might be called upon to arrest her as an abettor of forgery.

Even this did not affect her.

Another thought struck me when I saw something white peeping from her handbasket, and I bluntly asked her for the letter she had just receive' at the General Post-office.

Without a pause, she handed me a letter bearing the post-mark New York.

We had suspected that the forger was there; but inquiries at the post-office had satisfied me that no letters had been received addressed to the young lady and I also knew that fear of her parents would prevent any communication between the parties. So, when I received this letter, my labors seemed about ended; for this being the first epistle, and the contemplated flight being taken into account, there was every reason to believe that the latter now in my possession simply meant the speedy capture of the forger. The girl bowed and passed on; but there was something approaching a smile on her face as she parted from me. The letter was bulky, and the envelope had a somewhat frayed appearance, as if it had fallen amongst water. "With breathless speed, like a soul in chase," I tore the envelope open, only to find every sheet of paper perfectly *blank!* I looked them over and over again, went to the office, and tried sympathetic inks, obtained a microscope—in short, made every effort to satisfy myself that I had not been duped. At last, I confessed that the girl had been too much for me.

Fortunately for my peace of mind, I had not acquainted any of my colleagues with the slightest idea of my partial success, so that they had no occasion to rejoice at my discomfiture—a discomfiture bitter enough; for when I made inquiries the next day, I found that my bird had flown.

A few months afterwards, I received a letter in a woman's hand, bearing the post-mark of a little township in the Rocky Mountains. This was all it contained: 'You're a smart fellow, but no match for a loving woman. An old envelope full of blank paper is quite good enough for such as you. Had you been more civil I might have taught you the art of re-gumming old love-letters! — Farewell. I am quite happy.'"

THE SMALL BOY.—It was Sunday evening. Angelica had invited her "best young man" to the evening meal. Everything had passed off harmoniously until Angelica's seven-year-old brother broke the blissful silence by exclaiming:—

"Oh ma! yer oughter seen Mr. Lighted the other night, when he called to take Angie to the drill, he looked so nice sittin' 'long side of her with his arm——"

"Fred!" screamed the maiden, whose face began to assume the color of a well-done crab—quickly placing her hand over the boy's mouth.

"Yer oughter seen him," continued the persistent informant, after gaining his breath, and the embarrassed girl's hand was removed; "he had his arm——"

"Freddie!" shouted the mother, as in her frantic attempt to reach the boy's particular appendage she upset the contents of the tea-pot in Mr. Lighted's lap, making numerous Russian war maps over his new lavender pantaloons.

"I was just goin' to say," the half frightened boy pleaded, between a cry and an injured whine, "he had his arm"——

"You boy!" thundered the father, "away to the wood shed."

And the boy made for the nearest exit, exclaiming as he waltzed, "I was only goin' to say Mr. Lighted had his army clothes on, and I'll leave it to him if he didn't!"

And the boy was permitted to return, and the remainder of the meal was spent in explanations from the family in regard to the number of times Freddie had to be "talked to" for using his fingers for a ladle.

LILIES.—In floriculture experience is teaching us many new things. As to lily culture, we find them less liable to disease and to dying out when they are planted deep. Lilies should be set six inches beneath the surface. The autumn is the proper time for planting lilies as well as most other hardy bulbs.

THIRTY years ago, according to the New York Journal of Commerce, people appearing on the streets with mustaches were "objects of curiosity and sometimes of public ridicule."

DAY-DREAMS.

BY SITA.

Dream that the golden summer
In winter hath no part;
Dream that the skies are cloudless,
And light is every heart;
Dream that the laugh of pleasure
Has never sigh of pain,
But endless is in measure,
As joys that come again.

Dream that the happy laughter
Of short and happy days
Has nothing to come after
It lives, and living stays.
Dream that the sweet entrancing
Of words that now are bliss
Lives with each love-look glancing,
Thrills on with every kiss.

Dream on that love is deathless,
Dream on that hearts are true;
For lips with sighing breathless
Still whisper it to you.
And sweet as Nature's summer
Is youth when youth is love,
Its summers are for ever,
Its emblem is the dove.

Alas! to ripened summer
Comes chill of autumn day!
And even sweet "for ever"
May vow yet pass away.
The ripened grain has reapers,
The wine vat mars the vine,
And half the world are weepers
For those same dreams of thine.

O happy dreams and dreamer!
O happy days of youth!
Sweet seeming to the summer
As only blissful truth!
No cloud upon the sunshine,
No shadow on the brow,
Life only sweet as love-time,
The time you dream of—now!

His Only Ambition.

BY ELIZABETH O'HARA.

THERE lived some years ago, in a pretty village in Auvergne, one of the poorest of priests who had ever served among the valleys of Cevennes.

His little hut would have created no envy in the lowest laborer employed in searching for antimony in the cavities of those mountains.

Leaning against its small grey church, surmounted by an iron cross, it looked more like the cell of a lonely hermit, or one of those refuges against the storm which charity had erected on these craggy roads, than a human dwelling.

He was an active old man of about sixty, with a kind, benevolent countenance.

The simplicity of his character had not injured his high talent, nor had the austerity of his own life diminished his indulgence towards others.

His faith was lively, and his zeal for his congregation had no bounds but those nature laid on his physical strength.

Charity enabled him to perform miracles.

One summer evening, about eight o'clock, the Cure having read his daily portion in his breviary, was silently seated by a window which looked towards the village.

Marguerite, his housekeeper, was putting aside the wooden platters, on which she had served her master's supper.

Besides the dresser, there was a table, a chess-board, and box of dominoes, with which the Cure and his old servant beguiled the long winter evenings.

Opposite to it stood an oak chest; and near a small door—the most remarkable piece of furniture, though patriarchal in its primitive roughness—the priest's seat.

As to the door by the bedside, that led to Marguerite's room, which was even more unfurnished than her master's.

Marguerite, a respectable important looking personage, but short and fat, and long passed the canonical age, was the true sovereign of these dominions.

The legitimate master had long abdicated in her favor, and, save some slight abuses of power, some gentle scoldings, her government was most useful to their common interest, and suited to the Cure's carelessness in worldly matters, especially in any concerning his own interests.

His indifference in this respect was a text for Marguerite's unorthodox sermons, and a cause of sad forewarnings.

Night, however, drew in; the heavens were dark, the moon only showing itself at long intervals, and the wind played dolefully among the branches of the two lofty chestnuts, which shaded the cottage door.

"After all your walking to-day bed would be much better than sitting in that draught," Marguerite suddenly remarked in a tone of maternal authority. "The wind from the plains is not healthy; a storm is not far off; if you will sit up you ought at least to shut the window."

"But I am not tired, Marguerite. As to the unhealthy night air, you are right, and I obey you; although," he added as he closed the window, "the storm to be most dreaded at present is in, not out of the house."

Marguerite did not, or would not, hear him, and he reseated himself.

"What has vexed you to-day?" he continued, "I am sure I have done nothing—you are wrong to be angry with me."

The storm at length burst.

"Wrong am I?" she cried in indignation—"wrong! I ought to be quite satisfied with you—to go roaming about the whole day, without eating or drink, at your age! Very praiseworthy, certainly; but we shall see the end of it, and say I told you so. What have you gained by all your walks to-day? Nothing."

"Ah, ah," said the Priest, mysteriously.

Marguerite was going to speak, but was interrupted by a violent clap of thunder, which shook the house, while the lightning traced its fiery course along the mountain's side.

A strong red light was reflected in the room.

He ran to the door—the flames were bursting from the roof of a house in the middle of the village.

"Fire! fire!" he cried. "Marguerite, make haste! run—ring the church bell to give the alarm."

She hastened to an inner door which led to the belfry, and the Cure, catching up his hat and cain hurried to the place of ruin.

The next day all was over; one house only, the poorest of all, had perished; but the Cure had lost the greater portion of his gown in the flames.

"Fortunately," said Marguerite, as she finished stitching on a piece whose color did not match particularly well with the rest of the cloth, "fortunately, the evil is not without a remedy."

"Alas! my good Marguerite," her master answered, scratching his ear like a schoolboy caught out in some trick, "it is very different with the misfortunes of those poor people down there."

"Well, you can preach a sermon, and take collection for them—someone will help them, for certain."

"We must hope so. But ought we not to set the example, Marguerite?"

"There you go again, with your ridiculous ideas—your false views. Everyone should help his neighbor according to his means—the rich with money, priests with their exhortations. Remember that you have hardly enough for bare necessities."

"Remember that they have nothing."

"But you must have a new gown."

"They have neither bread nor clothes."

"Good patience!" exclaimed the housekeeper, suddenly struck with a new light. "What have you done with the money you hinted about yesterday?"

"Marguerite," he answered, in some confusion, "you need not order my gown yet—I will make this hold till Christmas.

He had voluntarily relinquished the means of making this purchase; but self-denying as he was, and willing to sacrifice his own dignity to another's wants, we must not suppose him insensible to the necessity of proper appearances.

He was not one of those who condemn every concession to the prejudices of society; still less was he one of those vain-glorious apostles who pride themselves on their ragged garments.

He felt his poverty, but bore it bravely; and was always ready to renounce his most legitimate wishes in favor of another's wants; and thus, during ten years, he had not been enabled, with all his privations, to amass the small sum necessary to the accomplishment of his greatest ambition—a new gown.

Years had rolled on, holydays had succeeded each other, and still the poor Cure repeated, with indefatigable perseverance—

"I will buy it next year—at Easter—at Whitsuntide—at the Assumption—at Christmas."

Ten times he had gone round the fatal circle; the seasons were renewed—the holydays returned, with pitiless regularity, leaving each time a more perceptible trace of their passage on the folds of the unfortunate gown.

With the next spring an unexpected event renewed the Cure's anxiety—a pastoral visit from the Bishop was suddenly announced in his diocese.

This news at first threw him into that sort of stupor which arises from imminent danger; he had a vertigo, as if the earth were trembling beneath his steps—then a feverish anxiety and supernatural activity succeeded to this prostration of mind.

The redoubtable day arrived, and the chimes of many bells told of the bishop's presence.

The Cure, happy in the dazzingly white robes which covered his gown, accompanied by his sacristan and two choristers, went to receive his lordship at the entrance to the village, and the local authorities, in full costume, bore the canopy under which he would walk to the church.

Mass was performed, and then he paid his respects to the prelate.

His lordship was seated between his two chaplains, who stood by him in a respectful attitude, and the first person of the village.

The old priest felt abashed the moment he doffed his convenient white robes; and the young prelate frowned when he saw the poverty-stricken gown of the venerable Cure, who trembled like a criminal before his judge.

"Is your parish then so very poor, sir?" asked the Bishop, "your income so parsimonious, that you cannot afford that care of your person necessary to your sacerdotal dignity?"

"Monseigneur, my poverty alone is in fault, I assure you—" He stopped short; even in self-justification he could not palliate the truth.

"I know all. I know that your improvidence and undiscriminating charity compromise the necessary standing of a minister of the church, and I loudly blame your conduct. Go, sir, and remember, that in sacrificing what we owe to ourselves, we risk failing in the respect we owe to others."

As soon as the Cure was gone, the Bishop turned to those around him and said, with a smile:

"The lesson was rude, but it was necessary; I think our good Cure will be cured for some time of his excessive liberality. At all events, Monsieur l'Abbe," he added, addressing himself to one of his chaplains, "take care that you quietly send a new gown to my worthy penitent, with three hundred francs for his poor parishioners."

Before returning to his house, the Cure, who had been painfully affected by this scene, prayed long in the church—a cold chill struck on him—and on leaving he was ill and feverish.

Marguerite scolded less roughly than usual, and obliged him to go to bed.

A few days afterward a doctor stood mournfully by that humble pallet.

Marguerite was sobbing in her apron.

A stranger entered; on one arm he bore a gown of the finest black; in the other hand he held a heavy purse.

"From Monseigneur," he said.

The sick man smiled sadly.

"Thank his lordship, I beg—in the name of my successor—and recommend to his kindness an ardent preacher, to whom I listened too little."

He pointed to the weeping Marguerite.

"Just heaven!" he added in a low tone; "I have doubtless been ambitious, but since it is so difficult to gain a new gown in this world, grant, I implore, that the poor may be less numerous—the housekeepers more tractable."

These were his last words.

THE BOYS OF OLD.—The first playthings of little children in ancient Greece and Rome were a variety of small metal objects, such as swords, axes, clasped hands, gold or silver moons, etc., fastened to strings and hung around their necks; besides they were given rattles in their hands.

Large children received painted dolls of clay, which were full of grace and beauty; also clay figures of animals. About Christmas-time, old Rome had a special doll-feast in which children received such gifts. Small wagons were made of wood and leather for the boys, and the girls received small bedsteads for their dolls.

Horace mentions a juvenile game of chance, "odd or even;" one of the children took a number of almonds in his hand, and the other guessed whether the number was odd or even; sometimes dice made of bone were used for the same purpose. This game is very old, for Homer relates that Patroclus when a boy killed a playmate in this game.

The favorite games of riper youth were played with nuts: a nut was to be split by a skilful blow, or thrown upon three others so as to remain at rest, etc.

Another game was hoop-rolling: an iron hoop furnished with many small rings was set and kept in motion with an iron rod. The whipping top was common in Greece and Rome.

Blind man's buff among the Greeks is described as follows: A child has his eyes blind-folded; it turns around and exclaims: "I shall hunt an iron fly." The others reply: "You will hunt, but not catch it." At the same time, they beat the blind-folded child with leather straps until he succeeds in catching one of his tormentors, who then takes his place.

In playing king, the boys fought each other in two sets; the leader of the victorious party was king.

Ball games occupied an important place both in Greece and Rome. Children played it in the streets of Rome. Whoever made a mistake received a blow on the calf of his leg.

In the heroic age, even girls played it; but in later times, it was improper for girls to play ball in Greece. In Rome, however, especially under the emperors, girls and women took part in the game.

Galen one of the most famous of old physicians wrote a treatise on the advantages of ball-playing, and the gymnasia gave instructions in it. Alexander the Great, the Antonines, and Alexander Severus were passionately fond of the game. In throwing the ball, the hands were not to be raised higher than the shoulder; the opposed party had to catch the ball and throw it back. Sometimes the ball was thrown against the wall and caught; the one who could do this oftenest was king. Large balls filled with air were parried with the arm and thrown back. In one of these games a ball was thrown and all the players had to try and catch it. This game, full of noise, blows, and dust, was, however, played more particularly by slaves for the amusement of their masters.

WEDDING REMARKS.—The following remarks have mostly been said time after time at all weddings and will be said again on every such occasion:—Here she comes! Pretty, isn't she? Who made her dress? Is it Surah silk or satin? Is her veil real lace? She's as white as the wall! Wonder how much he's worth? Did he give her that jewelry? He's scared to death! Isn't she the cool piece? That train's a horrid shape! Isn't her mother a dowdy? Aren't the bridesmaids homely? Hasn't she a cute little hand? Wonder what number her gloves are? They say her shoes are fives. If his hair isn't parted in the middle! Wonder what on earth she married him for? For his money of course! Isn't he handsome? He's as homely as a hedge hog! He looks like a circus clown! No; he's like a dancing master! Good enough for her, anyway.

IT is confidentially asserted by astronomers, beyond a doubt, that the moon is not inhabited. We are glad of this. Glad all the way down. We have lived in constant dread of some day being thrown in contact with a traveled ass, who would say: "Ah, yes, very fine; but they do things far better in the moon, you know." And just to think of going to jail for killing such a being as that.

Answer This.

Is there a person living who ever saw a case of ague, biliousness, nervousness, or neuralgia, or any disease of the stomach, liver, or kidneys that Hop Bitters will not cure?

Scientific and Useful

STRATENA.—Stratena the cement, is made by dissolving isinglass in alcohol along with gum ammoniac. When well made it is perfectly transparent.

RUST.—It is said that iron or steel immersed in a solution of carbonate of potash or soda for a few minutes will not rust for years, not even when exposed to a damp atmosphere.

CISTERNS AND TANKS.—To make cisterns and tanks water tight, paint thickly on the inside with a mixture of eight parts of melted glue and four of linseed oil, boiled with litharge. In forty-eight hours it will be so hard that the tank can be filled with water.

REMOVING TAR.—A correspondent writes that tar is instantaneously removed from hand and fingers by rubbing with the outside of fresh orange or lemon peel, and wiping dry immediately. It is astonishing what a small piece will clean. The volatile oils in the skins dissolve the tar, and so it can be wiped off.

IRON AND STEEL.—A Frenchman has devised, it is said, a method of converting iron into steel, and at the same time producing illuminating gas. The iron is placed in a retort with charcoal or coke in layers, and is heated to 1650 degrees Fahrenheit. Fatty matters are then injected, and as soon as decomposition has taken place a jet of dry steam is passed over the incandescent mass. The iron is thus changed into steel, while carburetted hydrogen is given off from the retort.

SIMPLE REMEDIES.—There is nothing better for a cut than powdered rosin. Get a few cent's worth of rosin, pound it until it is fine, and put it in an empty clean pepper or spice box with perforated top; then you can easily sift it out on the cut, put a soft cloth around the injured member and wet it with cold water once in a while. It will prevent inflammation and soreness. In doing up a burn the main point is to keep the air from it. If the sweet oil and cotton are not at hand, take a cloth and spread dry flour over it, and wrap the burned part in it.

GREASE SPOTS.—Fatty oils have a greater surface tension than oil of turpentine, benzole, or ether. Hence, if a grease-spot on a piece of cloth be moistened on the reverse side with one of these solvents, the tension on the greasy side is larger, and therefore the mixture of benzole and fat or grease will tend to move towards the main grease spot. If we were to moisten the centre of this spot with benzole, we should not remove it, but drive the grease upon the clean portion of the cloth. It is therefore necessary to distribute the benzole first over a circle surrounding the grease spot, to approach the latter gradually, at the same time having blotting-paper in contact with the spot to absorb the fat immediately.

Farm and Garden.

TREES.—It should be remembered that trees die in winter from drying out. Therefore give the roots all the chances possible to heal and grow before cold drying winds and frosts appear.

CORN AND HAY.—The average results and experiments and theory, so to speak make fifty-seven pounds of Indian corn equal to 100 pounds of hay, or 1140 pounds of corn to the ton of hay. But it must be remembered that the nutritive effects of food upon an animal are varied by many causes, and also that the comparison of foods is affected by the object sought, as fat, growth, labor, milk, etc. The above is the relative amount of nutritive matter in corn and hay as determined by experiment and theory.

TO KEEP CIDER FROM GETTING HARD.—It is said that calcium sulphite of lime, will prevent cider from getting hard. After the cider is thoroughly strained and barreled, add about one ounce of sulphate to every eight gallons of cider. The sulphite should first be mixed in about a half gallon of cider, and then pour the whole into the barrel. Let the barrel stand with the bung out for about a week, and it may then be closed up, and will remain sweet all winter. The sulphite of lime may be had of any druggist, and costs about half a dollar a pound. Be careful to get sulphite, not sulphate. If you put in too much it will make your cider taste of sulphur.

SUNLIGHT FOR PIGS.—What an exchange says about pigs is true also of all animals. They cannot thrive without sunlight: "Where the sun does not come the doctor does," applies to our animals as well as ourselves. A breeder asked advice about his pigs; they did not thrive; he was always unfortunate with them, and with the utmost care they never reared their young to perfection. The stys face the north, and never get any sun; the beds are lower than the outside grounds and the bottom is of earth; of course, always damp and offensive, notwithstanding the straw is added day after day. Stys should face the sun, and be allowed plenty of fresh air; the bottom should be concreted and slightly sloping, to carry off the wet; and, although some do not like it, we approve strongly of a wooden bench at the back for the bed. The sides of the sty should be railed, not bricked or boarded, as young pigs are often crushed by the sow pressing against them.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound has rapidly made its way to favor among druggists, who have observed its effects on the health of their customers. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

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SATURDAY EVENING, OCT. 15, 1881.

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THE HARM OF WORRYING.

The cause or condition which most commonly exposes the reserve of mental energy to loss and injury, is worry. The tone and strength of mind are seriously impaired by its wearing influence, and, if it continue long enough, they will be destroyed. It sets the organism of thought and feeling vibrating with emotions which are not consonant with the natural liberation of energy in work. The whole machinery is thrown out of gear, and exercise, which would otherwise be pleasurable and innocuous, becomes painful, and even destructive.

Working under conditions in disobedience to the will, the mental organism sustains injury which must be great, and may be lasting. The function of the warning sense is suspended; the reserve is no longer a stock in abeyance, and it ceases to give stability to the mind; the rhythm of the mental forces is interrupted; a crash is always impending, and too often sudden collapse occurs.

The point to be made clear is this: Overwork is barely possible, and seldom, if ever, happens while the mind is acting in the way prescribed by its constitution, and in the normal modes of mental exercise. The moment, however, the natural rhythm of work is broken, and discord ensues, the mind is like an engine with the safety-valve locked, the steam-gauge falsified, the governing apparatus out of gear, a break-down may occur at any instant. The state pictured is one of worry, and the besetting peril is not depicted in too lurid colors. The victim of worry is ever on the verge of a catastrophe: if he escape, the marvel is not at his strength of intellect so much as his good fortune. Worry is disorder, however induced, and disorderly work is abhorred by the laws of Nature, which leave it wholly without remedy. The energy employed in industry carried on under this condition is lavished in producing a small result, and speedily exhausted. The effort to work becomes daily more laborious, the task of fixing the attention grows increasingly difficult, thoughts wander, memory fails, the reasoning power is enfeebled; prejudice—the shade of some defunct emotion, or some past persuasion—takes the place of judgment; physical, nerve or brain disturbance may supervene, and the crash will then come suddenly, unexpected by onlookers, perhaps unperceived by the sufferer himself. This is the history of "worry," or disorder produced by mental disquietude and distraction, and occasionally by physical disease.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE Emperor of Japan recently received from England a letter containing a blank card with an ornamental border, and a request that His Majesty would graciously condescend to write his name thereon. The Japanese have a wonderful veneration for the first of anything, and as this letter was the first ever addressed by a foreigner, not only to the present Emperor of Japan, but to any Emperor of Japan since the age of the gods, the autograph was sent.

—

A CONSPICUOUS increase of suicides among the officers of the Austrian army, has led to an investigation, and it is found that pecuniary embarrassment is the cause in 90 per cent. of the cases. The cost of living has greatly increased in Austria, as it has everywhere else in Europe, within a few years, and at the same time the manner of life among the army officers has become more extravagant. To offset these larger demands upon their incomes, there has been no proportionate increase in their pay, which was always notoriously small.

—

As an evidence of the growth of one branch of American industry, the following figures are significant: In 1800 there were in the United States 50 potteries, employing 900 persons and $341,774 capital. Products valued at $3,483,581. The present census shows 104 potteries, with $4,000,000 capital invested, yielding $5,000,000 products. How much of this increase is due to fashion, and how much to a more cultivated and therefore more exacting taste, it would be impossible to tell.

—

THERE is a disposition in some quarters to indulge in an excess of skepticism and doubt of the efficacy of prayer because the supplications of a nation in behalf of the late President have failed of response, yet such a disposition is but an evidence if deplorable ignorance of the very nature of prayer. The humble supplication is no demand, nor does it confer even a seeming right to expect reward. Faith is the true element of prayer, and that very faith should instill content, and not the reverse, when Omnipotent judgment decrees adversely.

—

How many misunderstandings arise from the loose way in which business matters are talked over, and when each party puts his own construction, the matter is dismissed with the words, "all right, all right." Frequently it turns out all wrong, and becomes a question for the lawyers and the courts. More than three-fourths of the litigation of the country would be saved if the people would put down their agreements in writing, and sign their names to it. Each word in our language has its peculiar meaning, and memory may, by its change in a sentence, convey an entirely different idea from that intended. When once reduced to writing, the ideas are fixed, and extensive lawsuits avoided.

—

IT is stated that 100,000 buffalo hides have been sent out of the Yellowstone region alone this season. Last year the output reached 35,000, the usual average. Many of the present yield of skins were doubtless taken from the carcasses of the dead animals frozen in the last terrible winter; but the slaughter of the herds has increased every year with the irruption of settlers into the valleys. They are shot down like sheep out of pure wantonness; in most instances left to rot where they fall, the dollar or two which the skins would bring not paying for their removal.

—

QUEEN VICTORIA'S life at Balmoral is, a London paper says, simple and uniform. The piper plays under the window every morning at 8; she has breakfast and is out of doors at 10, from which hour until noon she spends in walking, and occasionally visiting at the cottages in the vicinity of the Castle; from noon until 5, with half an hour's interval for luncheon, she devotes herself to work which may be termed official—reading dispatches, State papers, etc., and writing memoranda and letters in connection therewith; at 5 she sets out for her daily drive, which lasts till 7, and occasionally later. She is described as driving out the other day, wearing a black straw hat upon her head, and about her matronly shoulders a large shawl of small-check shepherd's plaid—articles of attire by far too simple for the wardrobe of a fashionable American.

—

AN army lieutenant, who has eaten grasshoppers out West, lately read a paper before a Springfield science association, praising them as food. Although they naturally have a disagreeable smell, he says that when cooked they become pleasant to both smell and taste, no disguise being required. They can be eaten, after boiling two hours with pepper and salt, and thus prepared are not easily distinguished from beef broth. Fried in their own oil they have a nutty flavor. One drawback to their use as food is the bones in the small locusts, though in the larger ones these can be easily removed. Some residents of St. Louis have tried a dinner of these skilfully prepared, and like it very well; and, after becoming accustomed to the flavor, they are considered a desirable addition to the bill of fare by some. These locusts feed on vegetable matter, and therefore may be properly classed as clean food.

—

THE rapid worker has not time to get disgusted with his work—it is out of his hands long before it grows wearisome. Disgust is the product of dawdling effort. If the work be somewhat varied, the pleasure in connection with its completion is somewhat varied, too. Hence, perhaps, the reason why the total and sudden giving up of work is often attended with evil results. The transition from a life full of activity, and rich in the enjoyment of successful labor, to a life of utter idleness, with no such vivid enjoyment, has often proved fatal. There is too little activity. Idleness, without the excitement and pleasure of work, becomes depressing. The vital forces droop and decay. On the other hand, to the busy worker rest and recreation have a double relish. No holiday is so refreshing as that in which he runs away from his labors, and enjoys himself in quite a different sense. If his life were a succession of holidays, it would soon grow burdensome.

—

IN 1865 the number of letters sent through the post all over the world was estimated at 2,300,000,000. The available data for 1877 shows that the correspondence had risen to over 4,020,000,000, which gives an average of 11,000,000 a day, or 127 a second. Europe contributed 3,036,000,000 letters to this enormous mass of correspondence; America about 700,000,000; Asia, 150,000,000; Africa, 25,000,000, and Australia 50,000,000. Assuming that the population of the globe was between 1,300,000,000 and 1,400,000,000, this would give an average of three letters for the entire human race. The length of telegraph lines, both by sea and land, must be at least 700,000 kilometres (437,500 miles) not reckoning the double, treble, etc., lines. There were 28,000 telegraph stations, and the number of messages may be set down for the year at between 110,000,000 and 115,000,000, being an average of over 305,000 messages per day, 12,671 per hour, and nearly 211 per minute. These quantities are increasing daily.

—

A PROMINENT New York religious journal says the prevailing habit of having a good dinner on Sunday is doing much to break down the popular feeling of the sacredness of the Lord's Day. It says that a little good management on the part of the housekeeper would enable her to prepare a satisfying repast, the principal part of which could be cooked on Saturday. Directions are withheld as to what portion of this repast might with propriety be cooked on Sunday. The old practice among many who rigidly insisted on a cold dinner was to draw the line against all hot things except potatoes, which were allowed to be boiled on the day of rest. But while it advocates cold dinners on Sunday, the paper discountenances ice-cream, which is probably as cold a dish as can be served. It bewails the fact that many confectioners have placards in their windows announcing their willingness to send this frigid luxury to the doors of their patrons on Sundays, and in like manner laments that many good people, who twenty years ago were strict in the observance of the day, now have ice-cream carts roll up to their houses and deposit freezers at their basement doors.

—

A WRITER in the *Literary Journal* calls attention to the danger which readers run of injuring their eyesight by the use of bad light. He remarks that engravers, watchmakers, and all others who use their eyes constantly in their work, take extra care to preserve them by getting the best light by day, and use the best artificial light at night. The great army of readers are careless, and have, sooner or later, to pay the penalty of their carelessness by giving up night work entirely, and sometimes reading, except at short intervals and under the best conditions. All departures from common type, making the matter more difficult for the eyes to take in, increase the danger. The magnitude of the physical labor of reading is not appreciated. A book of five hundred pages, forty lines to a page, and fifty letters to the line, contains a million letters, all of which the eye has to take in, identify, and combine each with its neighbor. Yet many readers will go through such a book in a day. The task is one he would shrink from, if he should stop to measure it beforehand. The best positions and lights, clear type, plain inks, with the best paper of yellowish tints, and abundant space between lines, afford the best safeguards against harm.

—

AN English firm have applied paper to blanket-making successfully. Of late years, says a prominent London journal, various attempts have been made to turn it to account in the manner described, but owing to the crackling nature of paper, and the impossibility of securing free ventilation beneath paper coverings, the idea was abandoned again. In the new invention these defects have been overcome. Ventilation is obtained as full, free and perfect as with an ordinary woolen blanket. The new bedcovering is made of two sheets of paper, between which a layer of wadding, chemically prepared in such a way that it cannot gather together in lumps. The edges are strongly whipped, so that there is no possibility of the separation of the two pieces taking place. The paper is manufactured from strong fiber, which, being softened by a process, is free from the objectionable crecking and rustling sound that, as a rule, accompanies the manipulation of paper. It is true there is a slight crisp feeling when new, but this soon wears off, and the coverlet becomes soft and limp. At the same time the strength of the blanket is much greater than might be imagined, having regard to the character of the materials from which it is manufactured. As far as looks go, the new blanket has all the appearance of a woolen one, and the warmth it affords exceeds that possessed by its predecessor, when the size and weight are brought into comparison. The trifling cost at which these serviceable articles may be obtained constitutes, however, the chief advantage of the invention.

THE GIFT.

BY L. M.

I.

A fisher-girl looked forth on the sea,
One morn when the sun-lit waves flowed free.

Very fair is she, and pure and sweet,
As the wavelets that kiss her white, bare feet.

But sad the soft voice that cries, "Oh, sea,
Tell me, hast thou yet a gift for me?"

"Aye, bonnie maiden; see, I have here
A pearl to hang in each shell-like ear.

A coral necklet of ruby shine
To circle that fair white throat of thine!

She murmurs only: "Ah! mocking sea,
This not the gift I would ask of thee!"

II.

The winds rave shrilly, the waves roll high,
There is strife this night 'twixt earth and sky.

Despairing souls on perishing ships,
And prayings and shrieks from frenzied lips.

This time she looks on an angry sea:
"Ah, what is this at the feet of me?"

A form all stark, with a white, set face,
That stirreth not in her wild embrace,

"You may take the shell, my gift to thee,
But the pearl is mine!" so roared the sea.

She moaneth only: "Ah, cruel sea!
'Tis a bitter gift thou hast brought to me!"

The White Bear.

A LEGEND OF THE OJIBWAYS.

MANY years ago, there lived a great hunter, named Ish-pau-be-kau, or the "High-Rock;" he grew so expert in all kinds of hunting, that he would start out in the morning from his lodge, without any weapon but his knife, and he never failed upon his return, to bring with him plenty of meat for his family.

One evening, a number of old warriors and young braves were sitting round the fire; the old men were telling tales of their youthful days, and the young men were listening with respectful attention.

The old men spoke of the white bear, of his great sagacity and cunning, of his prodigious strength and of his knowledge of the past and the future.

Ish-pau-be-kau came into the lodge, and although yet a very young man, his great reputation as a brave and a hunter, entitled him to enter into conversation with the old men; whilst it was the duty of other young men of the same age to hear the words of the aged, and be silent.

Ish-pau-be-kau sneered at the tales which the old men told of the white bear. He had met, single-handed, all the wild beasts that roamed over the plains and through the groves of this country, and had invariably come off conqueror: but the white bear he had never yet seen; fear was a stranger to his heart, and constant success had made him vain; therefore, he laughed at the old men's stories, and said that he hoped he might some day meet a white bear, alone, on the prairie; and though he might have no weapon with him but his knife, yet would he bring home the hide of the bear to place on his bed, and his flesh to make a great feast for the tribe.

Many days passed by, and the chiefs determined to have a great medicine dance, before starting off for the annual hunt.

All the young men were busy in making ornaments to decorate their persons for the great medicine dance.

Ish-pau-be-kau said, "I will go and catch a gray eagle, and make myself a head-dress with his feathers."

He started off with no weapon but his knife.

But he had not gone far before he beheld standing over him an immense white bear.

The sight is too much for the brave. He runs and runs as fast as he can.

Ish-pau-be-kau's course brought him to the shore of a small lake, in the centre of a tamarack swamp; with the bear near in pursuit.

He reached the shore at a point where he had once found and taken a bee-tree; and a piece of the large hollow trunk, about twelve feet long, was still lying where he had left it; into this he had just time enough to crawl, when his pursuer reached the spot.

The aperture through the centre of the log, though large enough to admit a man, would not so much as let in the head of a white bear; so bruin, after rolling the log over several times, without affecting anything, exerting his prodigious strength, grasped it round the centre, and waded with it into the lake.

Running one end of the log as far beneath the surface as he was able to force it, he looked up at the other end, and there was the head and shoulders of Ish-pau-be-kau exposed to sight: instantly reversing the log, he immersed the other end, and looking up again, out popped the feet and legs of the Indian, who, though unable to turn round, had climed up feet foremost from under the water until he reached the air.

The bear probably found something amusing in this manœuvre, for he repeated it many times, until at last growing tired of the sport, and finding that he could not dislodge Ish-pau-be-kau in that manner, he laid the log down on the water, and getting on top of it his immense weight sunk it far beneath the surface.

After keeping it in this position long enough to drown a pearl-diver, had one been in Ish-pau-be-kau's place, the bear took a look in one end of the log, and to his great astonishment found it empty, whilst far out in the centre of the lake, he soon after discovered Ish-pau-be-kau, apparently as much in his element as a young duck. At swimming, both on and beneath the surface of the water, Ish-pau-be-kau had not his equal in the tribe; so, when the bear sunk the log, it was as natural and easy for the Indian to swim off, beneath the surface, as it would be for a fish to do so under the same circumstances.

The bear now abandoned the log, and swam off in pursuit. Ish-pau-be-kau would permit him to approach almost near enough to reach him, and then diving, would invariably re-appear in precisely the opposite direction from that in which the bear would be waiting for him.

The bear at length growing tired of the fruitless chase went on shore, to plan some fresh stratagem, and employ some other means for getting Ish-pau-be-kau in his clutches.

In walking along the shore, Bruin discovered when he came to the outlet, that the lake was in fact a beaver-dam, and it immediately occurred to him that if he should break the dam, and drain the lake, Ish-pau-be-kau, who was still swimming about, quite at his ease, must inevitably fall into his power.

So to work he went, tearing away the sticks and brush which the industrious beavers had laid up with so much care.

When he had broken a small aperture in the dam, the water soon began to assist his efforts, and the flood, small and feeble at first, was soon rushing down the stream a perfect torrent, sweeping every thing before it in its headlong course.

Ish-pau-be-kau was very soon made aware of what was transpiring, by the motion of the water, and as quickly determined on the course that was best for him to pursue.

He dived deep below the surface of the lake, and, guided by the swift current, passed out into the swollen stream, almost under the nose of the bear, who, perched upon a fallen tree, which formed one of the abutments of the dam, was intently watching the decreasing waters in the centre of the lake.

Long before the waters had all run out of the lake, Ish-pau-be-kau was borne by the flood several miles down the stream; and as soon as he reached the spot where the stream, leaving the tamarack swamp, flows out into the prairie, he left its channel and started to fly, rather than run, across the wide prairie that spread out between himself and the village of his tribe.

When he had accomplished about half the distance across the prairie, he ventured to look over his shoulder, at the very moment when his indefatigable enemy, who had followed down the stream until he had found his track, was leaving the swamp and entering the border of the prairie.

And now Ish-pau-be-kau felt that he was truly running a race for life.

Although to reach the village, he had but half the distance to accomplish, which must be traversed by the bear, yet he knew that the speed of the bear was, at the very least, double that of his own.

Onward he sped, straining every nerve and muscle, to its utmost powers of endurance, never daring again to glance behind.

Soon the welcome sight of the village meets his eye, and he shouts hoarsely for assistance, as he runs.

Fortunately his cry attracts the attention of some loiterers about the lodges, and while they recognize him, they can see, at the same time, the fearful proximity of the bear.

The alarmed village now pours out, *en masse*, to the rescue—seizing such weapons as they can snatch up, in the hurry and confusion of the moment.

Some have guns, some bows and arrows, whilst others are armed with spears, knives, or clubs, and away rushes the excited crowd to do battle with the bear.

And now ensues a most exciting scene; hope lends fresh vigor to Ish-pau-be-kau, and his efforts are almost superhuman.

Now he reaches the foremost of his friends, who separate on either side to allow him to pass between them, and the next moment their bullets penetrate the shaggy hide of the bear.

The race for life continues; the savages are now strung along in two lines, leading direct to the lodges; down, through the centre, Ish-pau-be-kau holds on his way, and the bear, now as much excited as the man, almost reaching him at every bound, looks neither to the right nor left, and seems totally unconscious of the presence of a human being, with the single exception of the one he so obstinately pursues.

Yet now, at every bound the bear makes a bullet or an arrow enters his body; if a spear is thrust deep into his side, it checks not his course in the least; the blade is snapped off from the handle, and left quivering in the wound.

Now, a young brave, anxious for distinction, throws himself full in the path of the bear, and buries his knife to the hilt in the chest; but he succeeded not in diverting the attention of the bear, which glaring with rage and pain, never swerved from the flying figure before him.

They have now run the full length of the gauntlet, and Ish-pau-be-kau reaches the first lodge of the village; in, through the front entrance, he dashes—straight over the blazing fire which is built in the centre—and out again, behind, into the open air; and he knows by the crash of the falling poles and mats, as the slight fabric is hurled to the earth, that the bear is still on his track.

Another lodge is reached, but Ish-pau-be-kau dare not stop. Straight through he rushes, in at one entrance, and out at the other; and the next moment, it also is prostrated to the earth by the huge beast that so faithfully follows his track.

The third lodge is reached by Ish-pau-be-kau, it is one of the largest in the village, and it is his own.

Ish-pau-be-kau stumbles as he enters, he staggers across the lodge, again reaches the open air, and falls; a stream of blood gushes from his mouth and nostrils, and insensibility prevents any further attempt to escape from his determined foe.

But loss of blood, and the mortal wounds he had received, were beginning to do their work on the bear; he entered Ish-pau-be-kau's lodge just as its owner sunk insensible on the other side.

A heavy blow from a war club dealt by the hand of Ish-pau-be-kau's intrepid squaw, deprived him of the little vitality remaining, and there lay the huge carcass in the centre of Ish-pau-be-kau's lodge, an object of astonishment and wonder to the congregated village.

Ish-pau-be-kau, who had burst a blood vessel, was sick for many days; when he recovered, he was an altered man.

When the old men told tales of their experience in life, he listened with reverence and attention; and although he had met a white bear alone on the prairie with no weapon but his knife, and had brought home both his hide and his meat to his lodge, yet he was never known to boast of the exploit.

Rich and Poor.

BY ANABEL GRAY.

"IT'S no use talking," said Mrs. Glenfield, energetically. "Poor—yes, I daresay he's poor. I need the money for my rent, and this is six weeks he's behind. Go to his room, Ernestine, and take the bill; it's high time the money was paid."

Mrs. Glenfield was a sharp-nosed, high-featured matron, whose face, originally pleasant enough, had grown sharp and sold with years of weary struggling to make both ends meet.

Ernestine, her eldest daughter, took the proffered slip of paper somewhat reluctantly, and went slowly upstairs with it.

She was a slight, small creature, with bright brown eyes, hair of soft chestnut hue, and arch pretty features.

She knocked softly at Mr. Harney's door, and a dejected voice answered:

"Come in."

Ernestine pushed open the door and entered.

Wallace Harney sat at the dingily-covered table, his head resting on his hands.

A pile of papers lay on the table close to his hand, with an open note containing the "respectfully declined" of some great publisher, who had never even taken the trouble to read Wallace Harney's manuscript.

Mr. Harney was a young man, probably thirty years of age, but he felt very much older.

He had been fighting destiny all his life, and up to the present moment he had had the worst of the encounter.

No wonder that he felt almost inclined to despair.

He started up however at the light sound of Ernestine's footsteps on the worn carpet.

"Miss Glenfield."

"You used to call me Ernestine," she said, half laughing. "What makes you so ceremonious now?"

"I don't know," he said, vaguely pushing the damp-matted hair from his hot forehead. "Did you want anything of me?"

Ernestine colored and hesitated.

Then she laid the bill on the table close to the inexorable editor's note.

Wallace Harney saw it, and his cheek grew as scarlet as her own.

"Mamma wishes—that is she hopes——" hesitated poor Ernestine, who was a very bad hand at deceiving.

"I see," said Mr. Harney; "your money or your life; that is the phrase nowadays. But if you happen to have no money, what then?"

"I—I am very sorry," said Ernestine meekly.

"I do not know why you should be," said Mr. Harney. "It is six weeks since I have paid your mother anything, but it is not because I have not been working hard."

"Mamma's rent came due last week," said Ernestine, feeling as if every drop of blood in her body were turned to liquid fire, "and—oh, Mr. Harney, I am so sorry."

Involuntarily she put her hand in her pocket, and drew out a rustling note.

"Uncle Jason gave it to me for a new dress," she said, "but my old one is good yet—black silk always looks well, you know, no matter how long you have worn it. Please, please Mr. Harney, take it."

He pushed away her soft little hand almost irritably.

"Ernestine!" he cried passionately. "I am not yet fallen so low as to take your little money."

"But you will pay me back some day," she urged, still holding out the note.

"I would rather not risk it."

"Then let me give it to you. Oh, Mr. Harney, please."

He looked up in her face with a sardonic sort of laugh—the soft, pitying light in her eyes seemed to strike a new chord in his eyes.

"I will not take it, Ernestine; but believe me it has done me just as much good as if I spent it all. Tell your mother I cannot pay her bill, but she is welcome to my poor belongings here. They will sell for something at last, when I am gone."

"Mr. Harney," cried Ernestine, looking up with a wistful surprise, "you are not going away?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"To the river, the railroad track, any lonely desolate place, where I can end a life that has been of no use to myself or anyone else, that I can see."

"And leave me?"

"Ernestine, it cannot be possible that you care for me."

"But I do Wallace," she owned, half laughing, half embarrassed. "Now take my advice, it may be worth something even though I am nothing but a girl. Wait a little longer, trust in Providence, and remember that there is one at least who cares for you.'

"Ernestine, my little darling. But it is of no use," he faltered, dropping the warm soft palm he had taken. "Hush! there's a knock at the door—more duns, I suppose."

It was a letter which the little errand girl threw into the room, as if she too fully appreciated Mr. Harney's social and financial status in the establishment.

"Miss Tiny," she cried, tartly, as she did so, "your ma wants you to come right downstairs d'rectly."

But Ernestine, for once in her life disrespectful of her maternal behest, stooped to pick up the letter and hand it to Mr. Harney before she left the room.

"Perhaps it is good news," she said, smiling archly, and then went away.

Mrs. Glenfield was all impatience for her advent downstairs; she wanted to send her to the dressmaker's about a dress which was to have been done and wasn't done.

And the conscience-stricken dame of the sewing silk and scissors sat down at once to put the finishing touches on, and so it was quite dark before Ernestine reached home.

"What do you suppose has happened?" asked Mrs. Glenfield, meeting her daughter at the door.

"I don't know," said Ernestine. "Becky has broken another piece out of the china set, I suppose."

Mrs. Glenfield shook her head.

"Mr. Harney has gone."

"Gone! Where?"

"The dear knows—I don't. Paid his bill, and gave Biddy something for herself over and above, and he has gone."

Ernestine's cheeks flamed up, and then grew pale.

Gone! after what she had owned to him that very morning.

Gone! without leaving any farewell word or message for her.

Well, it served her right for so forgetting her maidenly dignity as she had done.

And poor little Ernestine went drooping about the house for a day or two, looking the mere shadow of her former self.

At the end of three days Mr. Harney came back.

"Are you glad to see me, Ernestine?"

"I don't know," the little damsel replied demurely. "I daresay mamma will be very happy to hear how you are getting on."

"I should like to see her," said Mr. Harney; and Ernestine went to call Mrs. Glenfield.

"I have come to ask a great favor of you, madam," he said, as the worn-looking boarding-house-keeper came into the room.

Mrs. Glenfield shrank into herself, as it were.

"If it's lending money——" she began, rather dubiously.

"But it is not," said Mr. Harney, with an amused sparkle in his eyes. "It is a much greater favor than that. I want you to give me your daughter, Mrs. Glenfield."

"But you can't support her," quoth the downright widow.

"I can, if fifty-thousand dollars will do it. I have a house ready to receive her, and you, too, if you will honor us by being our guest."

Mrs. Glenfield started at her visitor as if he were speaking the Sanscrit language.

Ernestine uttered a little cry of astonishment.

"It is true," Mr. Harney, smilingly asserted, turning to the girl. "You remember that letter you gave me? It was the legal notification of the death of a distant relative, whose very existence I was almost unaware of. I was his only heir, and his decease has made me, all of a sudden, a wealthy man. Ernestine, you owned that you loved me when I was a poor man; you will not withdraw your precious heart now that I am unexpectedly rich?"

And what did Ernestine answer?

We leave the reader to guess.

But Mrs. Glenfield's boarding-house was closed at once, and the pearl of Ernestine's beauty is properly set at last.

THE ENDS OF A LADDER.—When a small boy I was carrying a not very large ladder, when there was a crash. An unlucky movement had brought the rear end of my ladder against a window. Instead of scolding me, my father made me stop, and said very quietly: "Look here, my son, there is one thing I wish you to remember; that is, every ladder has two ends." I never have forgotten it, though many years have passed. Don't we carry things besides ladders that have two ends? When I see a young man getting "fast" habits, I think he only sees one end of the ladder, the one pointed toward pleasure, and that he does not know that the other is wounding his parents' heart. Many a young girl carries a ladder in the shape of a love for dress and finery; she only sees the gratification of a foolish pride at the forward end of that ladder, while the end that she does not see is crushing modesty and friendship as she goes along thoughtlessly among the crowd. Ah! yes, every ladder has two ends, and it is a thing to be remembered in more ways than one.

H. W. B.

EDWIN and Angelina.—Angelina (on wedding trip): "Oh Edwin, when you sit thus, gazing upon the mighty deep, does it not have a strangely soothing effect upon you." (It has made Edwin awfully hungry, but he does not like to mention it.)

MY LOVE IS DEAD.

BY F. B. MARSTON.

'Tis spring, the fresh green glints in the brook,
The primrose laughs from its shady nook,
Winter away like a ghost has fled;—
Let it be spring, then—my Love is dead!

The summer is come with burning light,
The swallow wheels and dips in his flight,
The spring away like a ghost has fled;—
Let it be summer—my Love is dead!

Autumn is come with its gold-tressed trees,
Far through the wood sighs the dirge-like breeze,
Summer away like a ghost has fled;—
Let it be autumn—my Love is dead!

The winter is come with white, wan cheek,
The bare boughs toss, and the wild winds shriek,
Autumn away like a ghost has fled;—
Let it be winter—my Love is dead!

Shell and Shark.

BY CAPTAIN MARKS.

CHAPTER I.

WHO feels inclined for a day's shelling?

"No one, I should imagine possessed of an atom of common sense."

"What an idea!"

"O, it's only Markham."

A general laugh followed the last observation, which once more brought the interrogator's head from behind his curtain.

But to render the foregoing intelligible, and to bring me in a fair way for spinning my yarn, I must ask my readers to come through the Mediterranean, through the Suez Canal (it wasn't open in those days), down the Red Sea and Gulf of Aden, and on board H. M. S. Bee, lying snugly at anchor under the high land of Cape Guardafui.

It is breakfast time (8 A. M.), and the ward-room officers are, with one exception, seated round the table, the exception being Markham, who, having had the middle watch, is not supposed to make his appearance till "one bell" (8.30).

For the benefit of those unacquainted with the interior economy of a man-of-war, I may mention that round the ward-room (the mess-place of the superior officers below the rank of captain) there are small curtained niches—veleet cabins—about six feet square, which are, so to speak, the officers' private quarters: bedroom, bath-room, sitting-room, library, study, etc., all merged into one.

Markham, not having completed his toilet, listens to the remarks his question has called forth without comment; but the last, "O, it's only Markham!" was rather too much; so, as I have before written, out came his head from behind his curtain.

"Well, Doctor," he says, "suppose it is only Markham. What then?"

"Simply, my dear fellow, Mellon's remark holds doubly good."

Mellon was the first who had responded to Markham's query. He was our senior lieutenant, and had been disrespectfully dubbed by the middies "Old Soberside."

"O, every one knows your ideas, Doctor, and if we followed your advice, it's precious little we should see of the shore, except before sunrise or after dark."

The Doctor's crotchet was the sun; he objected most strongly to either officers or men being unduly exposed to its influence, and had on more than one occasion, by appealing to the Captain, nipped some pet expedition in the bud; the leading spirit of these expeditions being nine times out of ten Markham, whose present craze was conchology.

Within the last few months H. M. S. Bee had been stationed at Trincomalee, which is a famous place for shells: here they are sold in sandal-wood boxes fitted with trays, and arranged in order. Some of us had invested in one of these boxes, hence the mania.

At Markham's rejoinder the Doctor quietly chuckled, and remarked,

"There goes 'one bell;' you'd better be quick out of that den of yours, my boy, or you'll find your breakfast cold."

"By Jove! I forgot that; but hold on, I'll talk to you in a moment."

In a few minutes Markham emerges and takes his seat at the table, "armed for the fight and eager for the fray."

"Now, Doctor, I'm ready for you; fire away!" was his opening remark.

"I've nothing more to say on the matter," replies Esculapius.

"No? So much the better, then; for I shall have more time to eat my breakfast in peace." He relapses for a moment; then recommences,

"Well, who'll come with me? I purpose landing abreast the ship, walking across the valley (it's only about four miles, perhaps less,) searching the beach for shells, and then returning. We'll take an interpreter, so that in the event of meeting any of the natives he can 'parley-voo' them, and I'll take my breechloader as some kind of protection—not that it's likely to be wanted; and as regards provender, we'll get the steward to put us up a hamper. Now don't all answer at once. Who'll come?"

No one accepting the invitation, he turned to me.

"O Louis, do come, there's a good fellow; we're sure to find some shells, and—who knows?—perhaps some rare specimens. Besides, after all said and done, it's better than remaining moped up on board all day."

"Don't you wish you may get it!" the Doctor chimed in. "Louis is too old a bird to be caught with chaff."

"Your advice wasn't asked," Markham replied rather angrily; "so perhaps you will be good enough to allow Louis to answer for himself."

Seeing Markham was really bent on carrying out his project, after a great deal of hesitation, and sadly against my better judgment, I eventually consented.

"What, Louis," the Doctor broke forth, "you surely are not mad enough to countenance such a freak?"

"Well, yes, Doctor," I answered; "as I've consented I suppose I must go; but never fear, our pith hats will protect us from the sun."

"And we'll take umbrellas, Doctor dear," Markham added mockingly, "and so defy the naughty sun."

"Well, all I can say is, if you both get fever and sun-stroke it will serve you very well right."

With this parting salute—his eyebrows and chin elevated—the Doctor rose from his seat, and took himself off on deck, muttering as he left the ward-room something that sounded uncommonly like "One fool, etc."

"Thank goodness," said Markam, "we've shut up 'Old Pills,' so now let's go and get Boko to join us. He's sure to come, for he is really shell mad."

"All right; where is he?" I asked.

"O, as usual, in his cabin cleaning shells."

"Let us go and interview him, then; for if he comes, we're sure to have some fun."

But to understand why we were so anxious to enlist Boko you must know something about him.

Boko was the life of the mess. Not a young man, by any means; on the contrary. He had been dubbed Boko years before by a South Sea chief, and the soubriquet had stuck to him.

Boko, by his own showing, had been everywhere and seen everything. It was little he couldn't do, and nothing he wouldn't attempt.

Full of the most wonderful anecdotes, at which he himself laughed loudest.

His laugh was contagious: for although one had heard the yarn perhaps a dozen times before, it was impossible to avoid laughing at his thorough appreciation of his own jokes.

He was as well-known as a town pump. From this it will be seen that Boko was a character. He was indeed!

Good-natured to a fault, and usually ready to join in any mad freak.

In effect he was more like a boy of twenty than a man considerably on the wrong side of forty; but this was Boko's weakness.

He hated being thought an 'old buster,' to use his own expression.

His real age was a mystery: his hair was quite white, having become so he averred, in one night.

The cause thereof he was always somewhat misty about: so his statement was accepted with a grain of salt.

The Doctor had once taken it into his head to find out how long Boko has been in the service; and by questions now and again as to the time he had served in different ships, all of which he noted down, discovered that allowing him to have entered when he was thirteen years, he had reached the very respectable age of ninety-eight.

Well, whatever his age, Boko was a right good fellow, as any of my readers who may recognise the description will own; and we all agreed that although his tales were certainly marvellous, he himself believed them implicitly.

When found Boko sitting cross-legged on the deck of his cabin, with a wooden tub before him, cleaning shells—not savoury ones by any means.

We did our best to induce him, but he was deaf to our entreaties.

"No, no, my boys, not much," he said. "You won't catch Boko stirring tack or sheet" (Boko was intensely nautical) "out of the ship, if we stop here a twelve-month; it's the most cutthroat dogbole of a place I was ever in, except——" and here came some wonderful place no one had ever heard of.

He wanted to button-hole us for a yarn; but having neither time nor inclination to listen, we left him scrubbing away at his shells and roaring with laughter—at what, we knew not.

Outside Boko's cabin we were stopped by two of the youngsters, who wished to be of the expedition.

They were capital specimens of the genus 'middy,' both as handsome boys as one would meet.

Dauntmore, or Jack, as he was called, rejoiced in being six feet one in his stocking feet, although one seventeen, whilst Handel was of medium height, and about the same age.

We gladly consented our permission of course being dependent on the captain.

We had some difficulty in obtaining the Captain's leave. He didn't like the idea, and told us so plainly; but Markham's importunity eventually overcame his scruples But he gave us to understand that he held us responsible for the youngsters.

His anxiety was entirely for our personal safety, the natives of this district—(Arabs) being treacherous in the extreme.

Their character was very neatly summed up by a chief of Socotra.

"Never let Arab man walk behind you: he spear you sure, if can do, and not get catch."

I may mention that within six months of the incidents here narrated a boat's crew of H. M. S. Penguin, numbered eighteen men was surprised at this very place, and every soul murdured in cold blood.

All being ready for starting, we found that both interpreters wished to accompany us; and as their services were not likely in an absence to be required on board, they received permission.

We did not burden ourselves unnecessarily.

Dauntmore (Jack), Handel and I carried a walking-stick and flask of water; Markham a flask and his breechloader; and the interpreters each a fishing basket, in which were stowed comforts.

We did not get clear of the ship without sundry sarcasms from the Doctor, for which Markham gave tit for tat.

Whilst the boat is making her way on shore, I will try and describe the locality.

The description must be borne in mind, as the realisation of my story entirely hinges on it.

A reference to any atlas will show Cape Guardafui, the northeast point of Africa.

The bay in which H. M. S. Bee was anchored is immediately within or on the western side of the cape, whilst the beach we purposed visiting is without, or on is eastern side.

The two bays, or rather indentations, are separated by a narrow sandy valley about for miles wide.

On the cape side the valley rises gradually to a height of five or six hundred feet, which elevation forms the cape.

From its summit the cliffs fall perpendicular to the sea; around their base the deep sea comes rolling in; no break, no beach, simply a shelf of rocks about twelve feet wide, covered at high water.

This shelf extends round the cape from one beach to the other.

The commencement of our trip was not propitious, for on landing we found our path barred by a stalwart native brandishing his spear, and demanding "backsheesh;" the only answer he deigned to the interpreter's influiry as to what he wanted was "Backsheesh, backsheesh!" and as he spoke he laid his spear across the pathway.

At this Markham lost his patience.

"Hassan," said he to the interpreter, "just inform that copper-colored individual that if he doesn't make himself scarce, and pretty quickly too, I'll give him such a dose of "blacksheesh" (touching his breechloader) "as he doesn't bargain for, and not in his hand either."

What Hassan said to him I can't vouch for; but the noble savage doubtless thinking "discretion the better part of valour," and perhaps, not altogether appreciating Markham's looks, after gesticulating, swearing, scowling, made off to the rocks, at intervals facing around and shaking his spear defiantly at us.

The path now being clear we set off in our journey, and had not proceeded a quarter of a mile ere we found, to our cost, that our walk was likely to be a very different affair from what we had anticipated, and I must o'en confess that, had it not been the fear of being laughed at on board, we should have given up in disgust.

Our way lay over soft sand, in which at every step, we sank up to our knees; in addition to which the sand was literally carpeted with a description of creeper bearing large thorns from two to three inches in length; these thorns pierced the leather of our boots as though it had been paper, and consequently made us most careful as to our every footstep.

O, the scorching sun!

Not a breath of wind; and the very air we breathed seemed straight from a heated oven.

The glare also from the sand was most painful.

At times, from the sand given under our feet, we found ourselves on all fours! and then to vary the monotony, at full length on our back, gazing at the heaven; and on each and every occasion thorns, thorns!

At length, footsore, bleeding, parched, and weary, we reached the opposite beach having taken four hours to encompass the distance some three or four miles.

The sea-breeze had now set in, which made us, comparatively speaking, "new men;" so after bathing our "poor feet" we proceeded to discuss the creature comforts.

Imagine our feelings on opening the baskets at discovering that the drinkables consisted of two pint bottles of beer, and a bottle of brandy; not a drop of water, and not the faintest hope of procuring any: facing us the sea, and landwards in every direction for miles a glittering expense of white sand; our flasks had been emptied long since, and we were parched with thirst.

Blessings were not poured on the steward's head.

I blamed Markham for not having seen what was put up, he retaliated on me.

Recriminations, however, were useless, there was nothing for us but to make the best of it; so having divided the beer into six portions, each drank his share.

Instead of relieving, it only served to intensify our thirst.

Further investigation as to the contents of the edibles consisted of salt-beef sandwiches, cheese, sardines, and bread—all, with the exception of the bread, thirst-provoking: so they remained untouched.

It was now 2 P. M. Shell-hunting was out of the question, as it would take us all our time to get back by sunset.

"Well, Markham, how do you purpose returning?" I ask. "I vote round the Cape, for I'll be hanged if I tramp back through that horrid valley again."

"Don't be an idiot!" he politely answers. "You know the old adage? "Rather bear those ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of." (Markham never missed an opportunity of a quotation.) "You see," he adds, "the tide is already making, and as sure as you attempt it, so sure, before you are half-way, you'll either be tide-bound and have to take to the cliffs, or else you'll be washed off the rocks."

"You're certainly a Job's comforter," "but, notwithstanding, I'm determined to risk it, if any one will join me."

At this Hassan and Jack elected my route, Ali and Handel preferring to accompany Markham.

Ere starting homeward we each took a thimbleful of brandy, and then consigned the remainder to the waves, fearing that thirst might perhaps tempt us to drink it; we also arranged our sumptuous banquet on the beach as an offering to Neptune.

I trust he appreciated it more than we had done.

Before parting company Markham tried very hard to persuade us to alter our resolution, but was unsuccessful; so with a chin-chin off we set on our separate paths.

CHAPTER II.

FROM the conformation of the land, our routes for some distance lay nearly at right angles, mine being along the seashore, and Markham's across country. We continue in sight of each other about twenty minutes, during which time our walk is over a hard sandy beach, fanned by the sea-breeze; this brings us to the shelf, which I have before mentioned as encircling the cape from bay to bay. On mounting this shelf we turn to wave a last adieu, but find that we have lost sight of our friends.

Our path lies before us, and my heart sinks within me.

The shelf is at the most only about twelve feet wide, and covered with seaweed. On our right the sea, barely four feet from its edge, with a flowing tide; and on our left the cliffs, rising perpendicularly to a height of five or six hundred feet, and showing scarcely foot-room for a goat.

"Pleasant," is Jack's remark. "But never mind: anything is better than that vile waste of sand and thorns."

For nearly an hour we pursue our slippery way, tumbling, scrambling, wading, often up to our necks in water; but after recovering from the effect of our first disenchantment, in high spirits, and sanguine as to the result of our experiment; we cannot, however, avoid casting occasional anxious glances at the sea, which is slowly but surely approaching the level of our platform.

"Push on, boys?" is our cry; and on we trudge, laughing at our frequent duckings, and helping each other out of our difficulties.

Presently we receive a gentle hint to put our best foot foremost by a slight sprinkling of spray. This makes us redouble our efforts, but to no purpose; for in a few minutes every wave, as it strikes the shelf, envelops us in a blinding shower.

I look at my watch—four o'clock; three hours yet to high water. Still on! Ten minutes more and the waves are breaking at our feet. Fortunately the breeze is dying away, and the sea becoming calm. A wave rather stronger dashes in; Jack is down. An instant sees him on his feet again; but to retain our footing is momentarily more difficult. Another dozen yards and I am off my pins. We can't stand this; we must take to the cliffs. What will become of us? As these thoughts pass through my mind as our further progress is arrested by a gap in the shelf some forty or fifty feet wide: deep water, and the waves breaking at the foot of the cliffs. On the opposite side the shelf rises about six feet.

"Hurrah!" we exclaim. "Once over that and we shall be in safety."

"Off with your coat Jack; we must swim it. Hassan will take our things over on his head."

"All right, sir," Jack replies; and Hassan is soon ready, with our clothes in a bundle on his head. He is sitting on the rocks, lowering himself gradually into the water, and is on the point of letting go his hold, when Jack yells, "Come back! come back! For God's sake, come back! Look!"

I look, but cannot speak. We both sieze hold of Hassan, and haul him bodily on the shelf, his eyes almost starting from his head, his face an indescribable unearthly blue, and trembling in every limb. There, only a few feet from us, is a huge shark, his cold white eye looking up, half turned, showing his white belly, and keeping himself in position by a gentle motion of his fins.

For a moment not a word is uttered. Hassan at length breaks the spell. He drones forth a prayer in a tremulous monotone, the words following one another as quickly as his breath will allow.

Jack and I lose no time in robing ourselves.

"Don't sit mumbling there, Hassan," I say; and enforce my words by a good tug at his wool. "Look alive, Jack; there nothing for it but the cliffs."

We are now almost knee-deep in water.

O, how I wish we had taken Markham's advice!

But we have no time for vain regrets.

We get close to the cliffs to prevent being washed off the shelf, and retrace our steps in the hope of finding some place of ascent, and providentially soon discover one.

"Quick, quick! here is a chance. Be careful! Hold on like grim death; it's our only hope."

In less time than it has taken to write we are making our way by inches up the face of the cliffs.

Our position is awfully precarious, and a false step certain death; yet (speaking for myself) I am most thankful that I am out of water.

I notice, as we scramble higher and higher, that the sound of the waves is growing more indistinct.

Soon it ceases altogether, and I am flattering myself that I am nearing the summit, when my head butts against some obstruction.

For the first time I now dare take my eyes from my hands and look round.

A hundred feet below is the sea (the shelf is completely submerged;) above an overhanging rock which shuts out the sky.

"Go on, sir!" uttered by Jack, are the first words spoken since leaving the shelf.

"Can't get any higher, Jack," I reply.

"We must go back, until we find some place where we can sit down."

To remain as we are for any length of time is beyond human endurance.

A few words explain this to Hassan.

If ascending had been dangerous, descending was ten thousand times more so; every minute seems a lifetime. Luckily the tension on our nerves is not of long duration. About twenty feet beneath the rock which had stopped our ascent we find sitting room.

By this time we are all pretty well fagged: our hands are torn and bleeding, and we are suffering intolerably from thirst.

A short rest, and then comes a discussion as to our future movements. Immediately below, and on our left as we sit facing the sea, is a ledge, which appears as though it had been scraped out of the face of the cliff.

As far as we can see along it, it is about two feet wide. We see also that it spans the gap; so it strikes us that if we can only manage to work ourselves along this ledge until we are on the western side of the gap, the chances are that we shall be able to descend on to the shelf, and so continue our journey.

"Well, Jack, what's to be done?"

"I don't know, I don't know. I wish I hadn't come."

"Nonsense, boy; nonsense! Never say die; make the best of it. We must do one of two things—either remain here, or cross the ledge. You know perfectly well that we cannot expect a boat until Markham gets back when, finding that we don't turn up, they will come in search of us. But long before they arrive it will be dark, and then it will be impossible to get down out of this; so take it as you will, here we shall be obliged to remain until daylight to-morrow."

"If I have to stop here till to-morrow," he replies, "I shall go mad."

"Very well, then; we must try the ledge."

Very easy to say "try the ledge," but the thought of it even is sickening. Imagine a mantel-piece two feet wide, eighty or ninety feet high, upwards a perpendicular wall, downwards a sheer fall, and you have before you the ledge, with the exception of the former being level, whilst the latter is quite the contrary.

The more we look at it, the less we like it; but beggars can't be choosers, and we have no time to waste.

"Come along, then," at last Jack says in desperation. "You lead, Mr. Louis; I'll follow, and Hassan shall bring up the rear."

Jack was reckoning, however, without his host.

"No, sar! I not go! I stop! I 'fraid! I no like it!" Hassan joins in.

"Very well, stop, then," Jack angrily replies. Then, "Go ahead, sir; he'll follow, never fear."

We scramble down a few feet, and I get on to the ledge. As I turn my back to the [illegible] all it will be the safer plan not to attempt it.

"Go on, for goodness' sake!" he hurriedly answers.

Seeing that he is determined, I make room for him, and we commence crossing, making our way by a sidelong movement, clutching where there is clutching room, and feeling the right foot securely placed before bringing the left up to it, our eyes alternately fixed on hands and feet.

Hassan, as Jack had said, had no idea of being left in the lurch, so without remark had dropped into his allotted place.

For a time all goes well, and we get over the ground very fairly, when, without any previous warning, we are brought to a standstill by the ledge sinking about five feet; not a gradual slope, but a sudden drop.

Going back is out of the question; so kneeling down, and clinging for bare life, I lower myself inch by inch until I am again on my feet.

Moving slightly to the right, I wait while the others descend; soon they are beside me, and we continue on as before.

"Are we to keep on like this for ever?" Jack asks.

The words are scarcely out of his mouth, when on extending my right arm my hand strikes against the rock. One glance, and the fact rushes on me. The ledge ceases! We are in a veritable no thoroughfare.

My sensations I cannot now analyse, although every incident is as fresh on my memory as on that day, now thirteen years since.

I tell Jack that we can go no further, and must return.

"I can't do it," he gasps. "I'm feeling sick and dizzy; I shan't be able to hold on much longer."

At this juncture Hassan chimes in,

"Sar, sar, I nearly falling!"

I am at my wits' end, when suddenly it occurs to me that, if I can turn and sit down, I may be able to help the others.

"It's all right, Jack. Hold on, old fellow," I say; "don't funk."

Having the dead wall on my right to cling to, I succeed without any difficulty, but for my companions it is a very different affair.

"Now, Jack come close to me; put your right hand on my shoulder, and kneel down." This he does [illegible]. "Now place your arm round my back, and [illegible] clasp your body." This is [illegible]. "Now let your right leg hang over the ledge." This also he does. "Now lean the whole weight of your body on your left knee, turn slightly, so as to grasp my collar with your left hand, and shift your right until you bear on my thigh."

He manages this, I still retaining my hold on his waist; then, by gradually shifting his right leg over his left and keeping his body well inclined inwards, after a moment of awful suspense he is sitting beside me with his long legs dangling over the precipice.

My next move is to change places with Jack; he with his left hand takes firm hold of the wall, and I put my arm round his waist to steady myself.

In half the time that it took to seat Jack, Hassan (who is as lithe as an eel) is in position.

To make matters worse, Jack now breaks down completely, laughing and crying by turns, and trembling to such an extent as to cause me to cling to him lest he should drop off the ledge.

Hassan is immobile; he neither speaks nor moves, but sits with his eyes fixed, staring vacantly.

Let anyone picture our plight as we sit side by side, with our legs overhanging the shelf, some hundred feet beneath us.

We can look back along the road we have come, and find that we have crossed the gap: the drop (or rather rise from this side) plumbs its centre.

Had it not been for this rise we might be able to regain the position we had left ere attempting the ledge, and which now from force of comparison seems a very haven of refuge.

My first care is to soothe Jack, which after a time I succeed in doing, so much as to make him talk coherently.

The poor brave lad excuses himself and says:

"I'm not frightened, but I feel so weak and shaky, I'm sure I couldn't possibly stand on my legs."

This is a self-evident fact, as he is still trembling like an aspen leaf.

From the time of getting seated I have been casting about in my mind for some means of escape from our quandary; but puzzle my brain as I may, I see only too plainly that our only hope lies in getting back so far on the ledge as to be able to drop off into the water on the boat's arrival.

The remedy is almost as bad as the disease, but it is absolutely the sole chance left us.

But how to manage it? Neither Jack nor Hassan can trust himself on his legs.

Jack solves the problem.

"Couldn't we," he suggests, "shuffle along in the sitting posture?"

Happy thought! But Master Hassan (who is on the right, and must therefore lead the way) will not budge.

First I entreat. No use.

Then threaten. Still same result.

As last resource I tell him that if he doesn't move at once I'll push him off the ledge.

This has the desired effect, and sets him in motion.

Our mode of progression is neither painless nor improving to our garments; still it is progress, and we are thankful for very small mercies.

At last we reach the rise; beneath us is the gap.

Jack's work has taken his departure; but, to add to our misery, the sun is painfully near the horizon, and in [illegible] there is no twilight.

"Jack could you manage, do you think, to mount the rise?" I ask, "for then we can get back to our first resting-place."

He shakes his head, and answers, "Not to save my life."

This makes me desperate, for it has just dawned upon me that a boat might pull about all night without discovering our whereabouts; so I resolve on making an attempt to find my way back; for I know that although one boat would certainly be sent in search of us another was sure to be [illegible] on the chance of our [illegible].

I communicate my resolution to Jack, but he implores me most piteously not to leave him.

I urge him not to be childish, and explain that he has only to sit still and wait; and I remind him that he must not get impatient and out of heart if the boat doesn't arrive [illegible].

[illegible] he consents; and I mount the rise, assuring him that if I find myself unable to scale the cliffs he may shortly see me back again.

"Please to be as quick as you possibly can," are his parting words as I set out.

I recross the ledge, looking at every step for some means of ascent; finding none, I commence descending by the same path we had originally climbed.

When about half-way down an opening presents itself on my left.

I branch off a short distance, and soon am once more scrambling upwards on [illegible] the quickly fading light will permit.

Three bells (6.30 P. M.) are striking on board the Ino as I reach the beach, and sink utterly prostrate on the sand. A boat is in waiting. On coming to I find my head supported by the Doctor. "Water, water!" are my first words, which he gives me very sparingly; he then has me carried to the boat, where I get some brandy, which revives me so as to enable me to tell my story.

A boat, with Markham in charge, has already gone in quest; but in the twinkling of an eye we are flying through the water at racing speed to the rescue, impelled by the brawny arms of twenty British blue-jackets.

We are no sooner "under weigh" than the Doctor begins.

"I told you so; I knew how it would turn out! What crass foolishness," etc. This is too good a chance; so he proceeds on, riding his hobby to his heart's content.

I bear the infliction silently with a good grace, but am thankful when it is brought to a full stop by Boko—who is steering—hailing

"Ears, men; here comes the other boat. Have you got them?" yells Boko, as soon as the boat comes close to us.

"No; can see nothing of them." Markham answers.

"Come with them, Louis is here," Boko calls back. "Give way, men!" and with a will the boat's crew bend their backs to the oars.

On we speed, shaping our course parallel to the cliffs.

It is quite dark, and the sea calm as a mill-pond; the plash of the waves against the rocks being the only sounds that disturb the stillness.

Presently Boko hails:

"Jack!"

No answer.

Ten minutes more, and again he shouts: "Jack!"

This time a faint response comes to us from some distance ahead.

"Shove her along, men!" Boko excitedly urges; and the boat is almost lifted out of the water.

A dozen strokes, and the answer comes from directly overhead.

"Now you carry us on, Louis," Boko says, "for you know the place."

"Can you see us, Jack?"

"I see it when the oars dip," he answers.

"Where is the gap?" is my next question.

"Immediately under me, of course; but it is so dark that I cannot distinguish the water from the rocks."

We are in the same predicament; so we get the boat stern on and back gradually in, guided by the sound of Jack's voice, hailing the middle of the gap to a nicety.

So far so good.

Our first manœuvre is to thrash the water with the oars, so that in the event of the [illegible] of Jack's voice coming [illegible] neighborhood, they might be warned off the premises.

This being done,

"Now, Jack, listen. We have left you plenty of room, and will keep the boat in position. You must [illegible] and lower your self gently over the edge, but before quitting your hold, bring your legs together, and directly you let go, close your arms into your sides. No sooner in the water than we have you in the boat. Do you understand what I say?"

"Yes I understand, but I don't know how I ever shall manage," he whispers.

"Let Hassan come first," Boko suggests, "and that will give the boy courage."

Hassan's answer comes back very quickly.

"All right, sar; I come. Look out!"

We cannot see how he contrives; a splash in the water is our first intimation, and the [illegible] interpreter is speedily hauled on board.

It is no easy matter to persuade Jack. We [illegible] voices, but to no avail.

At last Markham [illegible] the entrance of the gap, [illegible]

"Mr. Jack, if you are determined not to come I shall order both boats back to the ship, and will return for you at daylight."

This settles it.

"All right, then," the poor lad moans. "I know I haven't the strength, and shall [illegible] all of a heap. Look out for me! I'm coming!"

We are instantly on the *qui vive*, two or three of the men more than half overboard in their anxiety to grasp hold of him.

We have some time to wait; then a plunge, and Jack is in the boat; he had, as he predicted, fallen "all of a heap," and was terribly shaken; his hands too are much damaged from striking the rocks in his fall.

"[illegible]" with a cry, [illegible] ventures.

Our anxiety is now about Jack; the Doctor is busily engaged with him, but he lies with his eyes shut, and has not spoken.

We are half-way to the ship ere he regains consciousness, and then in a short time is quite delirious.

Signal-guns and rockets are now being fired, which bodes anything but a pleasant reception from the Captain.

The instant we are alongside the chief's [illegible]

[illegible]

On being answered in the affirmative,

"Let Mr. Markham and Mr. Louis come to me in my cabin at once."

"Very good, sir," from Markham, and he disappears. "We're in for a wigging, that's certain. What an idiot you were, Louis, not to take my advice! You know Jack is a personal friend of the skipper's, and this affair will make him a thousand times more particular than he is now. However, it can't be helped."

On [illegible] into the cabin, we found the Captain looking very grave.

"Why, gentlemen," he commences, "were you not on board at sunset? You know the station orders." As he speaks he catches sight of me, and a broad grin spreads over his features.

Seeing his eyes fixed on me, I wonder what on earth he can be smiling at.

I look up, and catch sight of my face in a mirror. It is covered with a mixture of dust, perspiration, and blood.

My necktie is gone, shirt buttonless, and neck exposed; and to complete, my nether garments are hanging in shreds.

"Well, gentlemen, what reason have you to assign for disobeying not only my orders, but those written and the general order in chief?" he continues, recovering from the effect of my appearance.

Markham leaves me to reply; so I tell him precisely what has happened. He is very wroth.

"You have a perfect right," he says, "to risk your own life; but how dare you risk those entrusted into your charge? I can only say, if anything [illegible] to Mr. Dauntmore, I'll try you both by court-martial, as sure as my name is Bonbow. That will do, gentlemen; you may go."

We [illegible] are the [illegible] of mosquitoes; but, like good Samaritans, they let us off easily—for the present.

A good night's rest and we are none the worse except Dauntmore, whose adventures ended in a severe attack of fever. For days he raved of sharks and ledges, and great fears were entertained of his recovery.

After a very protracted illness we again had the pleasure of seeing him crawl on deck; but he rarely referred to his dreadful experiences.

Markham and his party had got back about ten minutes past six; their return had been a repetition of our morning's trip.

He waited until 7.30, when, seeing no signs of our appearance, he hailed the ship for another boat to be sent to the beach, and went in search.

When we met him, he had given up all hope, thinking that we must have been unable to scale the cliffs, and so necessarily washed off the shelf.

This proves how correctly I had conjectured that a boat might pull about all night and not discover us on the ledge.

The next day a party was formed to visit the scene of our adventures. Three or four climbed up and got on the ledge, but none cared to cross it.

One thing remains a mystery to this day. Our third lieutenant and two men attempted to gain the summit of the cape by the same road up which I had toiled. From the boat we watched them.

They succeeded in getting little more than half-way, when they came back, and told us that it was utterly impossible that I could have gained the top by that path, although they admitted that as far as they got there were marks showing that some one had recently been there.

How I clambered up I know not. The fact remains I got there, and, what is more, the latter part of the ascent was in the dark.

This was my first and last expedition in search of shells.

Need I add that it was some time before Markham and I heard the last of our trip across country at Cape Guardafui?

New Publications.

"King Grimalkum and Pussyanita; or the Cats' Arabian Nights," by Mrs. A. M. Diaz. Illustrated quarto, Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.25. Of all the stories that have been written for the delectation of juvenile readers, we have never seen anything funnier or more enticing than this. The idea is altogether unique, and is charmingly carried out. The author tells in the beginning of the death of Tommobus, the [illegible] king of the cats, and how Grimalkum became king in his stead. Grimalkum was a cruel old fellow, without a single white hair in his glossy black coat, and sooner had he come into power than he sent forth an order declaring that black, maltese and gray were the only colors to be allowed for cats, and that all cats which had more white or yellow than dark, hairs should not be permitted to live. Judges were appointed to measure the spots. Among the cats brought before the judges was a beautiful white kitten named Pussyanita, which was so great a [illegible] that the death penalty upon her, and he was led on until he got so fond of Pussyanita's [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] he had promised against the [illegible]. The book is profusely illustrated.

"Sabino's Falsehood," by the Princess Olga. This is one of the most charming stories that has been issued for a long time. The book is one that may be put into the hands of any young girl. Indeed, we may go further, and say it ought to be put in the hands of every young girl. The story is exquisitely told, and is one of simple pathos, the plot admirably managed, and the characters well conceived and vividly drawn. The incidents are natural, and might easily have come to pass in any American town. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia, Pa. Price 75 cents.

MAGAZINES.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for October [illegible] "Physical Education," by Felix L. Oswald; "The Practical Business of Life Insurance," by Theodore Wehle; "How the Earth is Weighed," by Dr. Otto Walterhofer, illustrated by diagrams; "The Development of Political Institutions; by Herbert Spencer; "The Cultivation of Medical Science," by Sir James Paget; second article on "Increase and Movement of the Colored Population," by J. Stahl Patterson; "About Comets," by Aaron Nichols Skinner, illustrated; "The Connection of the Biological Sciences with Medicine" by Professor Huxley; "Progress in the Manufacture of Steel," by [illegible]; "Intelligence of Ants," by [illegible], "Forest Culture in Algeria Ravines, by M. J. Clave; "Cattle Raising in South America," by M. Contz; sketch of Professor Charles A. Young, with portrait, and well filled editorial departments. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Dizzy Head and Sick Stomach.

[illegible] Hall Street.

PORTLAND, ME., January 12, 1881.

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Our Young Folks.

WILFRID'S ERROR.

BY HENRY FRITH.

ALL RIGHT, we'll have a jolly day together.'

It was a pleasant sight to look upon; the fresh young faces of the four lads who were standing there.

The sand beneath the young people's feet, sparkling and flashing, seemed like myriad eyes winking and blinking at old Jerry, the boatman, who stood among the boys, in his turn winking and blinking at the sun going down over the sea in such glory and splendor.

'All right, young gentlemen," was his reply. "Be ready at ten to-morrow, and if the weather is fittin', I'll take ye for a sail. 'Tis a pleasant trip round the Point to Green Island on a calm day. I hope 'twill be calm, or maybe ye'll be disappointed. Master Jackson, I ain't a prophesying. I'm only saying what might happen," was the rejoinder, and the old man winked and blinked at the sun again.

"You don't see anything over there, do you?" questioned Jackson, noticing the direction in which the boatman continued to gaze. "I think it's splendid."

"Oh, ay! right royal," quoth Jerry, smiling round at the speaker. "But sometimes such a sunsetting betokens wind, and sometimes a fine day, and I can't scarce satisfy myself which it means to-night."

Jackson was the doctor's son—Wilfred Jackson, or Will, as his five young brothers and sister called him.

Mabel, his eldest sister, was twelve, quite a little homestay.

Their mother was away in the country, gaining health and strength, so as to come back to be their light and joy again.

She was getting better now in the sweet joyous summer weather.

It was a holiday from school on the morrow, so the four—the doctor's son, the clergyman's son, a farmer's son, and the son of a widow lady—intended to embrace the opportunity, and go for a sail.

As fair a morning as heart could wish; scarcely a ripple on the blue sea. It might have been a lake, so motionless was it, when the boys went down before breakfast to have a look at it, and to question old Jerry.

"Well, Jerry, 'tis calm enough, isn't it?" remarked Jackson.

"A'most too calm, Master Jackson, a'most too calm; and there may be wind yet," said Jerry, sagely, looking away over the glittering waters.

"Now don't, Jerry!" cried Gordon. "And if it does freshen up, you won't disappoint us after all, will you?"

"No, my lad, I won't disappoint ye, except for your own safety. So now be off and get your breakfast for I am off to mass," replied the old man, and away they all scampered at his bidding.

"Well, I want you to go to Beach Farm with a bottle of medicine for Farmer Jinks," said Jackson's father, as he was hurrying down to the gate, and the doctor himself was emerging from the door, to spring into his carriage and be away.

"When, father?" asked the boy, halting, and turning back, looking very disappointed as he spoke.

"Now, at once," said his father, coming up, and walking by his side.

"I—I—can't, father, very well," his son informed him.

"Why? I thought it was a holiday today."

"Yes, so 'tis, but I and some of the boys have promised to go to Green Island."

"Well, I'm sorry, my son; but a doctor and a doctor's children must sometimes expect to have their plans thwarted. I must have the medicine taken to Beach Farm—and at once."

"Won't evening do, father?"

"No, my son; 'tis a matter of life or death. I can depend on you to take it?" questioned Mr. Jackson, somewhat pointedly, seeing his son's face change.

"Oh, yes, father; of course they shall have the medicine," was the spoken promise.

"And at once; remember, you start at once."

"Yes."

He went into the house and took the bottle of medicine. A quarter to ten, and the boat was to start at ten o'clock.

Beach Farm was a good three miles away. Was ever anything so vexatious? Well, he must send to be left behind, or else go in at once down to the shore, and tell them not to wait for him. Away he went, the medicine in his pocket. Ah! there they were, boat all ready for him, and the sail on the blue water, and the cloud in the sky, not a shadow on their lives.

"I can't come. My father wants me to go to Beach Farm with some medicine," he informed them as he reached them. "Come I myself. A jolly time to you all, the boy turned away.

"I say, we'll wait a quarter of an hour to see if you change your mind, and find out a safer time to take the medicine for you," he was shouted after him.

Well! he could, was not send it? How could he keeping to the spirit of his promise to his father, if not the letter. He said they should have the medicine at the farm, and so they should. And here was Jemmy Thring coming, and he very at once yielded to the sudden temptation of the moment.

"Jemmy, would you go to Beach Farm for me?"

"Yes, right off."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, as sure as sure," promised the ragamuffin of eight.

"Could you take this medicine there safely?"

"Yes, Master Will, I could take it, I could," he said.

"Well, take it, and here are some pennies. Now let me see how you'll go." The boy grasped the bottle in one hand and his reward in the other, and shuffled off.

Will's conscience gave him a prick or two, but his desire to be out and away on the laughing waters was too strong to be daunted by a few pricks of conscience. Duty called, but he turned a deaf ear to her voice. Jemmy Thring would be a trusty messenger, and now away to join his companions and be happy.

The boat had just put off from shore, but they came back for him, and now out and away on the calm, free, unfettered ocean. With just breeze enough to swell the sail Jerry had hoisted, their little bark flew over the water like a sea-bird.

They were soon at the island, and what pleasure, what exultation, to sit down, the water all around, the cool breezes fanning their hot brows; to shout, to laugh; to seek in crevices for sea-birds' eggs, to pick up curious shells and store them away in their pockets for their sisters at home.

They ate their dinner there on Green Island, and whiled away the golden afternoon, as happy boys knows how, on a few feet of land. Then, ah! then, the breeze began to freshen, many ruffles were on the changeful waters, a cloud or two were springing up from the west, quite a gust of wind swept past, and they awoke old Jerry, who lay fast asleep in the boat.

"Jerry, what is this? your wind come at last, is it?" they asked, laughing the while as they clamored round him.

"Ay, my lads, 'tis a wonderful change. Why, we shall have to be off like a shot, or the storm 'll be upon us." And yet it seemed hardly conceivable that it could be a storm, when only those few tiny clouds were to be seen.

But the wind was rising; they soon loosed the boat, Jerry, rubbing his eyes, half believing himself asleep still, as the boys averred merrily, while they took their places in the boat. They had hoisted the sail again, but they were soon obliged to haul it down; the boat was tossed about, and staggered to and fro, till that was lowered.

"We must pull for it," said old Jerry, seizing his oars; "and may be you young ones 'll take a pull with me?"

His cheery tones disarmed them of fear; they took it but as a joke, a pleasant risky ending to their day's enjoyment.

But, ah! they made no head against the waves, which came tumbling on; the sun was hidden, the clouds fast shutting out the blue above the tumbling waters, over which they had skimmed so joyously in the morning, were of a sullen lead color, save when the white foam-crested waves went rushing past.

Darkness was settling down, and the Point was not gained; no, old Ocean seemed determined to hold them in the hollow of his hands, his clutching, many-fingered hands grasping and grasping at their frail, rocking boat.

Wilfred sat pale and affrighted, the storm raging around him furiously, and becoming more and more terrible each moment. Ah, ha! they were drifting on, drifting on.

"If we get into the swirl by the lighthouse, we shall be lost, lads!" cried Jerry; and still they went drifting on, as to their fate.

In vain they struggled and battled against it; the waters were giant-like in strength, and bore them on.

"Look to Heaven, boys, for death is very nigh!" spoke poor old Jerry, grasping his oars and battling with his watery enemy.

The other lads were silent, but Jackson cried with a bitter cry:

"Jerry, I've run away from duty. 'Tis I who have brought the storm!"

"But ye can't run away from God. He's here in His pity, through Christ, if ye call on Him."

Ah! ha! they were sweeping athwart the light of the lantern aloft in the lighthouse; now they were whirling round and round; the boat was smashed, scattering its occupants like poor, drifting autumn leaves.

Old Jerry grasped hold of one lad—he thought it was Day—and somehow found himself on the steps of the lighthouse; he took hold of the rail, and stood panting with his burden.

Where were the others?

The wind moaned and shrieked, like human beings in their last agony.

Ah, joy! a rope was swung out from the lighthouse above; he grasped it, wound it around Day's waist, and they above drew him up.

Then, with that frail fly rope about his own waist, he dashed into the foaming waters, those above hauling it safely.

Oh! the wild battle the noble old man fought with the maddened waters.

One, two dripping forms he clutched from their devouring jaws, and sent up into the lighthouse, to safety and shelter.

His strength was well-nigh spent; but one was missing; he believed it to be Jackson.

His kind old heart yearned with such a strong pitiful yearning for him.

Was he, like him of old, gone down indeed among the sea-weed?

He stood on the steps, clinging to the iron rail, offering a prayer for the missing lad, when there, he was cast at his very feet, the wind, light out of the lantern fell upon his white, upturned face.

He gathered him to him, the waters clutching after him the while.

Now, now, the lighthouse held all five, dripping, shivering half dead; ay, one was pitifully like death, if not dead.

Well, Jackson was not dead, but he went down near to death's door, after being rescued from his watery peril, for he received a blow on the head which brought on brain fever, and held him a prisoner in the dreary lighthouse long weeks, the beat, beat of the waves half maddening him at times, and yet they dared not move him.

But anon it was over; he was conscious, and his sweet mother was sitting by his side.

"'Tis of the Lord's mercy I'm taking of ye home like this, Master Jackson," said old Jerry one afternoon in August, when the sea lay as in a happy dream beneath the hot, sultry sky, and he was rowing him home in his boat.

"Yes," replied the pale-faced boy, "back to duty, and a life less full of pleasing sin!

"Yes, lad, 'tis a sharp lesson ye've had but maybe 'twas needed. But mind, there is a Providence always workin'; yet I don't mean to say as how that storm was sent a purpose for you."

"No, Jerry," was the reply. "And how about Farmer Jinks? Did he have the medicine and get better? They never would tell me."

"No, Master Jackson," said the old man gravely.

"And never had the medicine?"

"No; that young Jemmy Thring fell down and broke the bottle, and never said a single word about it—no, not to anybody."

"And the man never had it? And is Farmer Jinks alive, Jerry?"

"Never had it, and so he got worse, and did not survive, Master Jackson. But now, lad, the doctor, knowing how very ill he was, never thought there was any chance of his living, with the medicine."

"But I never gave him the chance, Jerry."

"No, Master Jackson. Promisin' to do a duty, and not doin' it, is a great sin," spoke the old man, solemnly.

The boy was feeling it deeply, the shadow as it were, of an unfulfilled duty, dead and gone. Years have gone by since this happened, but at times there crosses the path of life a sad, remorseful remembrance of that neglected duty and all its attendant pain and sorrow.

THE FATAL MARRIAGE.

BY J. P. RICHTER.

A VERY pretty girl was Lucy Lee.

Don't ask me to describe her;—stars, and gems, and flowers, and all such ammunition, have long since been exhausted in depicting heroines.

Suffice it to say, Lucy was as pretty a little fairy as ever stepped foot in a slipper or twisted a ringlet.

Of course, Lucy knew she was pretty; else why did the gentlemen stare at her so?

Why did Harry Graham send her so many bouquets?

Why did Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones try to slit each other out in an evening call?

Why were pic-nics and fairs posponed if she were engaged or ill?

Why did so many young men request an imitation.

Why did all the serenaders come beneath her window?

Why was a pew or omnibus never full when she appeared at the door?

And last, why did all the woman hate and hate her so?

We will do Miss Lucy the justice to say, that she bore her blushing honors very meekly.

She never flaunted her conquests in the faces of less attractive femininues;—no, Lucy was the farthest remove from a coquette; but kind words and bright smiles were as natural to her as fragrance to flowers, or music to birds.

She never tried to win hearts; and, between you and me, I think that's the way she did it.

Grave discussions were often held about Lucy's future husband; the old maids scornfully asserting that "beauties generally pick up a crooked stick at last," while the younger ones cared very little whom she married, if she only were married, and out of their way.

Meanwhile, Lucy smiled at her own happy thoughts, and sat at her little window pleasant summer evenings, watching for Harry, (poor Harry), who, when he came, was at a loss to know if he had ever given her little heart one flutter, so merrily did she laugh and chat with him.

Skilful little Lucy, it was very right you shouldn't let him peep into your heart till he had opened a window in his own.

Lucy's papa didn't approve of late hours or lovers; moonlight he considered but another name for rheumatism; at nine o'clock precisely, he rung the bell each evening for family prayers; and when the bible came in, lovers were expected to go out; in case they were obtuse, chairs sat back against the wall, or an extra lamp blown out, or the fire taken apart, were hints sufficiently broad to be understood; and they generally answered the purpose. Miss Lucy's little lamp, glowing immediately after from her bed-room window, gave the finale to the "Medo and Persian" order of Mr. Lee's family arrangements.

Still Lee's house was not a hermitage by any means. More white cravats and blue coats passed over "Deacon" Lee's threshold, than into any hotel in Yankeedom.

Little Lucy's mother, too, was a modern Samaritan never weary of experimenting on the most hopeless and profound cases, who (as well as I can recollect) knew but two kinds of people, and two kinds of books, large families, empty purses, and more Joduses and Paul Prys than "Aarons and Hurs" in the congregations.

Among the *habitues* of the Lee house, none were so acceptable to Lucy's father as Mr. Ezekiel Clark, a bachelor of fifty, and ex-minister, and now an agent for some "Benevolent Society."

Ezekiel had an immensely solemn face; and behind this convenient mask he was enabled to carry out, undetected various little plans, ostensibly for the "society's" benefit, but privately—for his own personal aggrandisement.

When Ezekiel's opinion was asked, he crossed his hands and feet, and fastened his eyes upon the wall, in an attitude of the deepest abstraction, while his questioner stood on one leg, awaiting, with the most intense anxiety, the decision of such an oracular Solomon.

Well, not to weary you, the long and short of it was, that Solomon was a bag of wind—that is to say, a stupid fool, who spent his time trying to humbug the religious public in general, and Deacon Lee in particular, into the belief that had he been consulted before this world was made, he could have suggested great and manifold improvements.

As to Deacon Lee, no cat ever tossed a poor mouse more dexterously than he played with the Deacon's free will; all the while very demurely pocketing the spoils in the shape of "donations" to the "society," with which he used to appease his washerwoman and tailor, and transport himself across the country, on trips to Newport, Saratoga, etc., etc.

His favorite plan was yet to be carried out; which was no more or less than a modest request for the deacon's pretty daughter, Lucy, in marriage.

Mr. Lee rubbed his chin, and said:

"Lucy was nothing but a foolish little girl."

But Ezekiel overruled it, by remarking that there was so much the more reason she should have a husband some years her senior, with some knowledge of the world, and qualified to check and advise her.

After an extra pinch of snuff, and another look into Ezekiel's oracular face, Deacon Lee assented.

Poor little Lucy!

Ezekiel knew very well that her father's word was law, and when Mr. Lee communed [illegible] she knew she was [illegible] as much Mrs. Ezekiel Clark, as if the [illegible] and already been displayed on her left finger.

She [illegible] to be sure, and gutted her little feet nervously, and when she heeded [illegible] thought she looked prettier than ever, while Ezekiel swallowed one [illegible] another, but has even snapped and growled like a gentle cur in [illegible].

That night poor Lucy pressed her lips to a faded rose, the gift of Henry Graham, then cried herself to sleep!

It [illegible] the consummation of Lucy's misery, when the [illegible] Ezekiel was announced as the expectant bridegroom.

Henry Graham took the first steamer for Europe, railing at 'woman's fickleness.'

Consistent Harry! when never a word of love had passed his moustached lips.

Shall I tell you how Ezekiel was transformed into the most ridiculous of lovers? how his self-conceit translated Lucy's indifference into maiden coyness? how he looked often in the glass and thought he was not so very old after all? how he advised Lucy to tuck away all her bright curls, because they "looked so childish?" how he named to her papa an "early marriage day,"—not that he felt nervous about losing his prize—oh no (?)—but because "the Society's business required his undivided attention."

Well; Lucy, in obedience to her father's orders, stood up in her snow-white robe and vowed "to love and cherish" a man just her father's age, with whom she had not the slightest congeniality of taste or feeling.

But papa had said it was an excellent match, and Lucy never gainsayed papa; still, her long lashes drooped heavily over her blue eyes; and her hand trembled, and her cheek grew deadly pale, as Ezekiel handed her to the carriage that whirled them rapidly away.

Shall I tell you how long months and years dragged wearily on? how Lucy saw through her husband's hypocrisy and self-conceit? how to indifference succeeded disgust? how Harry Graham returned from Europe, with a fair young English bride? how Lucy grew nervous and hysterical? how Ezekiel soon wearied of his sick wife, and left her in one of those tombs for the wretched, an Insane Hospital? and how she wasted, day by day—then died, with only a hired nurse to close those weary blue eyes.

Shall I take you, some time, just at dewfall, to the quiet corner where sweet Lucy sleeps in the old church-yard, and point out to you a wretched old man, bent with age, who keeps guard there each night, pacing up and down—to and fro—with remorseful tread, as if he would fain atone for turning so sweet a life to bitterness—for blighting so fair a flower?

VARNISHING.—No varnishing should be attempted in a temperature under 75° Fah., otherwise the moisture of the air will give the varnish a milky and beclouded appearance that can never be obviated except by performing the task over again in the right way. The article to be varnished should be left in a room at the temperature above mentioned for some time before commencing operations, in order to drive away all dampness. It should then be smoothed, washed and rubbed with chamois leather and a thorough dry. Then every remaining particle of dust must be removed with a clean, soft brush, and no oil or grease whatever must be used.

Grains of Gold.

Love depends on the loving, and not on the loved.

Write on your heart that every day is the best day in the year.

Look at the bright side. Keep the sunshine of a living faith in the heart.

Souls are not saved in bundles. The Spirit asks of every man, how is it with thee?

The soul is not poisoned by mere errors of the head, but by evils of the heart.

I slept and dreamed that life was beauty, and waked and found that life was duty.

To mourn a mischief that is dead and gone, is the best way to draw new mischief on.

Where a man has made a worm of himself, he cannot complain if he is trampled under foot.

How noiselessly the snow comes down! You may see it, and feel it, but never hear it. Such is true charity.

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy. Self-command is the main elegance.

Life is hardly respectable if it has no generous task, no duties or affections, that constitute a necessity of existing.

Hate not. It is not worth your while. Your life is not long enough to make it pay to cherish ill-will or hard thoughts.

I believe it is best to throw life into a method, that every hour may bring its employment, and every employment bring its hour.

Amongst men of the world comfort merely signifies a great consideration for themselves, and a perfect indifference about others.

There is no time in a man's life when he is so great as when he cheerfully bows to the necessity of his position and makes the best of it.

Be willing to do good in your own way. We need none of us be disturbed if we can not wield another's weapons. But our own must not rust.

Prayer, holy thinking and holy reading are the cure for all the ills of the soul. The good thought of to-day will awaken many good thoughts to-morrow.

The end of learning is to know God, and out of that knowledge to love Him, and to imitate Him, as we may the nearest, by possessing our souls of true virtue.

The best part of human character is the tenderness and delicacy of feeling in little matters, the desire to soothe and please others,—minutiæ of the social virtues.

We can most of us sympathize, but to understand is a subtler quality. Unselfish sympathy, that forgets itself, and does not obtrude, is the sweetest and rarest of all.

The manner of doing things is often more important than the things themselves; and the very same thing may become either pleasant or offensive by the manner of saying or doing it.

The great blessings of mankind are with us, and within our reach, but we shut our eyes, and like people in the dark, we fall foul upon the very thing we search for, without finding it.

To do wrong is to inflict the surest injury on our own peace. No enemy can do so equal harm with what we do ourselves whenever and however we violate any moral or religious obligation.

There is no mean work save that which is sordidly selfish; there is no irreligious work save that which is morally wrong; while in every sphere of life "the post of honor is the post of duty."

Cultivate cheerfulness if only for personal profit. You will do and bear every duty and burden better by being cheerful. It will be your counselor in solitude, your passport and recommendation in society.

Life needs a steady channel to run in—regular habits of work and of sleep. It needs a steady stimulating aim—a bent toward something. An aimless life can never be happy, nor for a long period healthy.

I will give my life, and my thoughts, as if the whole world were to see the one and read the other; for what does it signify, to make anything a secret to my neighbor, when to God all our privacies are open?

The elements of virtue are at the bottom of every heart, and, though they may be trampled under foot and crushed into the mud, they still exist; and, when rescued and restored, nobility and manhood will grow out of them.

By two wings a man is lifted up from things earthly—namely, by simplicity and purity. Simplicity ought to be in our intention; purity in our affections. Simplicity doth tend towards God; purity doth apprehend and taste Him.

Discourtesy does not spring merely from one bad quality, but from several—from foolish vanity, from ignorance of what is due to others, from indolence, from stupidity, from distraction of thought, from contempt of others, and from jealousy.

People restrain noble impulses, grand thoughts, warm affections, keen sympathies, under the delusion that they are thus purifying or refining their natures. The truth is that they are only impoverishing and debasing them. It is both cowardly and selfish to decline to use gifts which might be made helpful and encouraging to humanity.

A Gain of Twenty Pounds in a Month.

After using Compound Oxygen for a month, a patient at Jewett, Texas, writes: "I began taking your Compound Oxygen on the 30th of September, and have kept it up since that time. I have not been sick since; had been sick for six months—was confined to bed three months, taking medicine almost every hour of day and night. Have not taken a drop of medicine since. Have a good appetite; can eat almost anything, and it agrees with me. I consider myself nearly well. * * * Have gained twenty pounds since using the Oxygen Treatment." Treatise on Compound Oxygen sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Phila., Pa.

Femininities.

Modern women of fashion work hard at their vocation.

One way for a woman to keep a secret—To keep it going.

To a man truth is what he knows; to a woman truth is what she believes.

Dean Stanley used to say that he never really lived until after his marriage.

The Royal University of Ireland is open to female students, without restriction.

The Arabs say Eve was 200 feet high. That's the reason Adam looked up to her.

It is said that girls who graduate from school or college, with high honors, seldom marry.

Mrs. Gill is a boot and shoe maker in New York. She thinks she is the only female cobbler in the city.

One of the belles at Saratoga has a wardrobe of 300 dresses, and a retinue of six maids to take care of them.

A woman who devotes her time to making wall-pockets, has more vacant places in her head than on her walls.

Jones' wife found a book of handkerchief flirtations in his pocket, and now he wipes his nose with his coat-sleeve.

Melvina Briggs, of Nebraska, held a rawhide in one hand, and clasped the paw of James Heart with the other to get married.

An inventive genius proposes to marry a dumb girl, so that in case she sues for a divorce she will have no chance to testify.

Jennie Flood, daughter of the bonanza king, is fair to look upon, and has $2,500,000 in government bonds in her own name.

Crying at weddings has gone out of fashion. It is the father of the bride who does the crying when he comes to settle the bills.

Before marriage she was dear, and he was her treasure; but afterwards she became dearer, and he treasurer. Still they are not happy.

"I always," said the wife of a French editor, "like to know that my husband is fighting a duel. Then, you see, I am sure he is always safe from harm."

A 12-year old Minneapolis girl has collected a string of 1,225 buttons, no two alike. The string is thirty-three feet long, and weighs over six pounds.

Who shall say the days of shoddy have not returned when a woman ventures to wear a mixture of diamonds, calico and point lace to breakfast at Saratoga

Miss Gertie Hamilton, of Sioux City, took a small dose of morphine, just to touch the heart of her lover, and when she recovered she found that he had committed suicide.

A husband, who only opposed his wife's ill-humor by silence, was told by a friend that he was afraid of his wife. "It is not she I'm afraid of—it's the noise," said the husband.

"I dote upon that girl," said Smith. "That makes the twentieth girl you have doted on within a month," said Fenderson. "It is about time you had sown all your wild dotes, Smith."

At a Grand Union Saratoga hop, where they had the German, the ladies received a tiny gilt bird-cage with a sugar songster inside, and the men had doll razors in leather cases presented to them.

She was a noodle, and he was a noodle, and when their marriage was announced, Simmons, who knew and appreciated them both, exclaimed, with tears standing in his eyes, "Two souls without a single thought!"

Pink parasols, painted with such animated subjects as miniature horses jumping hurdle races, are carried by young ladies at the French watering places, and American women are reproached for their eccentric dressing!

A few days since a barber offered a reward for instantly removing superfluous hair. Among the answers was one forwarded by a gentleman in Kingston. We give it: "Undertake to kiss a woman against her will."

Civilization is a failure. A Mr. Dawson, who has been writing about the aborigines of Australia, says that among the ancient tribes of that far-off land mothers-in-law are strictly forbidden to meddle in any way with the affairs of their sons-in-law.

By marrying his mother-in-law an enterprising citizen of New Jersey has just made himself amenable to a law the penalty of which is $500 fine or eighteen months' imprisonment, or both. To complicate matters still further, he had a rival in the father-in-law of his deceased wife's sister. Not the least curious part of the affair is that this is the delinquent's fourth marriage.

Probably one reason why Queen Victoria objects to women physicians is because they will persist in using the diminutive of their Christian name. No sane man, or woman either, for that matter, would trust a "case" to any doctor who called herself, for instance, "Minnie V. Stanton," or had on her door-plate "Dr. Susie D. Smith," even though they were plastered all over with diplomas and M. D.'s.

A definition is something about which a man ought to be very careful. Still, in a definition a man may not only make a grievous blunder, but at the same time make a very startling statement of truth. A very precise and respectable lexicographer, when asked for an exact definition of the word parasol, replied slowly, "Parasol? It is a protection from the sun used by ladies made of cotton and whalebone."

Clara Bell says: "I met a girl at Saratoga who told me she was trying to fatten herself for bridal. The affianced husband was an ardent admirer of plumpness, and she was rather lean. The amount of oatmeal and cream she consumed was marvelous; and she lolled around all day long, refusing to dance even, for fear of working off an ounce of flesh. A month of that kind of treatment increased her weight nine pounds."

News Notes.

Boycotting has extended to Copenhagen.

Of the population of Ireland 76.6 are Catholics.

For the winter there are 200 styles of silk stockings.

Snuff is generally preserved in lead to keep it moist.

It is proposed to establish charity kindergartens in Chicago.

Constantinople, Turkey, has just issued its first city directory.

Great numbers of exiled Russian Jews are coming to this country.

Cincinnati has only 365 policemen, and the number is to be reduced.

Quincy, Mass., has an efficient omnibus line, owned and managed by a lady.

The colored population of the United States has increased from 4,800,000 in 1870 to 6,575,487 in 1880.

The prosecution of the work in the St. Gothard Tunnel cost the lives of 69 person so far this year.

The annual production in the United States for several years past has been about 7,000,000,000 pins.

In Memphis, Tenn., the man who carries concealed weapons may not only be fined but also imprisoned.

France is now building seventeen ironclads, England ten. This will give France 53, and England 57.

Dean Stanley has left to each of his godchildren $2,500, and as much to the infant son of "Father" Hyacinth.

Silk damasks are now made by pasting thin silk tissue on cotton. India rubber dissolved in petroleum is used as a cement.

Two hundred and twenty-five trains leave the nine railway stations in Boston daily for towns within a radius of eleven miles.

Hindoo pickpockets are ahead of the renowned Dodger and his associates, for they "crib" with their toes while they stand with folded arms in a crowd.

In England, which the last census shows to have over 600,000 more women than men, a society is now being organized to promote the emigration of women.

It is a singular coincidence that both of our martyred Presidents bore the patriarchal name of Abraham—Abraham Lincoln, and James Abraham Garfield.

A steamer just arrived at Baltimore from from Liverpool, brought over fourteen young Irish boys who had hidden themselves on the steamer at the Liverpool dock.

The island in the St. Lawrence which Moore, the poet, was visiting when he wrote "The Canadian Boat Song" could then be bought for $40. It is now valued at $25,000.

A method for manufacturing butter from cotton-seed oil has been discovered by a New Orleans man. It has not yet been named, but is claimed to be superior to oleomargarine.

A traveler was lately killed on an English railroad by his own portmanteau, which he had placed on the rack above and opposite, and which in the collision struck him with force.

The Browning Society begins its labors by counting the lines of its master's poems. They number about 27,000, which is a fourth less than the number of lines ascribed to Shakspeare.

Gen. Garfield's life was insured for $35,000, and his property is valued at the same. He made no will, frequently saying that he would trust the courts of the country to divide what he left.

The Postoffice Department of Germany has adopted and uses postage stamps whose colors can be canceled by water. This prevents fraud, for as soon as the stamps are washed, the color is obliterated.

The extensive cultivation of flowers for perfumery purposes is a new industry about to be started in California. In Europe it is very remunerative; a good crop of lavender will yield about $1,500 per acre.

John Jacob Astor founded the Astor Library in New York with a bequest of $400,000. Wm. B. Astor added at various times an aggregate of $550,000. Now the present John Jacob Astor has given $250,000 more.

The ex-Empress Eugenie is said to have never recovered from the loss of her son. She passes most of her time in a darkened room, and takes no interest in external events or persons. Her income is $250,000 a year.

Two heirs of a Virginia farm quarreled over thirty-seven cents. They went to court, and at the end of six years, when a settlement was made, the heirs received nothing, the farm being sold to pay legal expenses.

The trousers, an English critic writes, is the weak point in the German military costume. Those worn by the officers are so tight that they remind one of the English dandy in old times, who would never venture to sit down in his walking trousers.

NEW BLOOMFIELD, Miss., Jan. 2, 1880.

I wish to say to you that I have been suffering for the last five years with a severe itching all over. I have heard of Hop Bitters, and have tried it. I have used up four bottles, and it has done me more good than all the doctors and medicine that they could use on or with me. I am old and poor, but want to bless you for such a relief by your medicine and from torment of the doctors. I have had fifteen doctors at me. One gave me seven ounces of solution of arsenic; another took four quarts of blood from me. All they could tell was that it was skin sickness. Now, after those four bottles of your medicine, my skin is well, clean, and smooth as ever.

HENRY KNOOHR.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound without caries, and your complexion fair use **RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.**

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either chronic, or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unsound.

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony, and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healthy current of new life. The skin, after a few days use of the Sarsaparillian becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, Black Spots, and Skin Eruptions are removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the Eyes, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Glands that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY, ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Mumps, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds or Bruises, Chilblains, Frost Bites, or with Strains, Cramps or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named:

"False and True."
"Radway on Irritable Urethra."
"Radway on Scrofula."

and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**

☞Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of DR. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, so there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

DR. WARNER'S CORALINE CORSETS.

Boned with a New Material,

called Coraline, which is vastly superior to horn or whalebone.

A REWARD OF $10

will be paid for every Corset in which the Coraline breaks with six months' ordinary wear. It is elastic, pliable, and very comfortable, and is not affected by cold, heat or moisture.

Price by mail for Health or Nursing Corsets, $1.50; for Coraline or Flexible Hip Corsets, $1.75.

For sale by leading merchants. Beware of worthless imitations boned with cord.

WARNER BROS., 372 Broadway, N. Y.

JOKES AND JOKERS.

"GRAVITY of demeanor" is, we apprehend, little, if at all, inconsistent with a genius for joculority. Democritus who, next to Diogenes, said perhaps more good things than any other philosopher of antiquity, is described as "very melancholy by nature, averse from company in his latter days, and much given to solitariness."

Douglas Jerrold, one of the keenest wits of the Victorian era, was not only grave but anxious in demeanor; and Thomas Hood the elder, who could make "screaming" jokes even out of the complication of maladies which tortured him, was facially the picture of sadness. When we turn to the two great masters of humor and pathos of our age, it will be remembered that the habitual expression of Charles Dickens was one of concentrated sternness, and that the ordinary mien of William Makepeace Thackeray was of extra judicial gravity.

There is a host of good stories in the "Table Talk" of Samuel Rogers, but the outward and visible appearance of the banker-poet was the reverse of mirthful. It was ghastly and cadaverous to an alarming degree; so much so, indeed, that a French footman to whom Rogers had, on entering a room, given the card of Thomas Moore, instead of his own, announced him to the company as "Monsieur le Mort," or Mr. Death.

There is a story of the witty rogue who bargained with a lace man to be supplied for a certain small sum with as much lace as would measure "from ear to ear," and went on to explain that one ear was on his head, but that the other was nailed to the pillory at Bristol.

Then, there is the irresistibly comic story of the impudent thief in the dock who, knowing his case to be desperate, cried out when he was called upon to plead, "I charge you in the king's name to seize upon and take away that man in the red gown"—meaning the judge—"for I go in danger of my life for fear of him."

Those familiar with the modern American "Joe" of the suitor who had lost his cause, and flinging down a five dollar bill on the table of the court, exclaimed, "Fine me that for contempt," may be interested to read in the "Apophthegms" of Bacon, the story of the sailor, who, being fined two shillings for swearing, asked what the mulct was for cursing. He was answered sixpence, whereupon he pulled a half-crown from his pocket, and cursing the court all round as a company of knaves and fools bade the clerk keep the half-crown, as he never liked "changing of money."

American humorists have incurred, albeit perhaps unconsciously, a heavy amount of indebtedness to the old jest books for some of their newest and driest stories.

There has been recently paraphrased and calmly appropriated to Mark Twain an anecdote of a shrewd Scotchman who enters an eating-house on Holborn hill and calls for a penny loaf. Then he says that he has changed his mind, and that he will have a pennyworth of beer instead. This process he repeats twelve times, and he is then going on his way, rejoicing and full of beer, when the proprietor demands payment for his beer. "I gave you a penny loaf for each mug of beer," answers the canny Scot. "But you have not paid for the loaves," continues the incensed Boniface. "But I had them not," replies the Scot.

The story is to be found in an old cheap book published late in the seventeenth century; and it is very probably a survival of some mediæval joke current among the schoolmen, since its humor hinges on a false premise in logic.

For the rest the original jest may be many thousands of years old; and may have been one of Julius Cæsar's collection of apophthegms the loss of which Bacon, in the introduction to his own "ante Joe Millericums," so pathetically deplores. There is nothing new under the sun—especially in the matter of jokes.

A NEW YORK gentleman was presented to the wife of a western member of the House. She has been in Europe, and will never forget it. "Yes," said she to the New Yorker, "we spent a day in the picture stores in Florence. I do just go crazy over pictures, for, you know, everybody up our way says I'm a splendid common sewer of art." "Indeed!" said the astonished gentleman. "O yes; why, we picked up lots of bricy-bracy things and cnetics all over Europe."

FEW complexions can bear the light which exposes every speck of tan, every pimple, and the slightest spotting of eczema. In Dr. Benson's Skin Cure is sure relief from the annoyance of these blemishes on the cheek of beauty.

Humorous.

What kind of paper resembles a sneeze? Tissue.

Always goes round with a long face—An alligator.

The young father's temper is often captured in a squall.

When a shoemaker takes a wife, does he lay his awl at her feet?

Why should a tenant insist on a lower rent when all rent is hire?

The golden stare—A miner's eager gaze when he strikes the auriferous quartz.

The "books in the running brooks" rightly come under the head of current literature.

Why are heavy showers like heavy drinkers? Why, because they usually begin with little drops.

A curious scribe wonders if a noise annoys an oyster. Well, now, that's a notion, most way to put it.

The Chinese do not believe that this world is like a ball. When a man comes into this world he is not dressed for a ball.

A soft answer turneth away wrath; but a nice banana-peel, lying with its buttered side down, generally produces the opposite effect.

"My Tormented Back!"

is the exclamation of more than one poor hard-working man and woman. Do you know why it aches? It is because your kidneys are over-tasked and need strengthening, and your system needs to be cleansed of bad humors. Kidney-Wort is the medicine you need. "It acts like a charm," says a well-known physician, "I never knew it to fail." Liquid or Dry sold by Druggists.—Boston Post.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot, 600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse-cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Personal.

Dr. Scott (the inventor and Proprietor of the Electric Brushes) arrived with his family yesterday from Europe per steamship Britannic, where he has been during several months past reorganizing his business and increasing his facilities for a much larger production of Electric Brushes. We welcome him back, and wish him renewed success.

NEURALGIA,

Nervous Irritability, Sciatica and all painful Nervous Diseases.—A treatise by a well-known physician, a specialist on these subjects, concludes as follows: "Neuralgia is one of the most painful of diseases, and is attended with more or less nervous irritation. Sciatica is also a form of Neuralgia, and all painful nervous diseases come under that name. Neuralgia means nerve ache, and therefore you can suffer with neuralgia in any part of the body, as the nerves are supplied to every part.

"I have for many years closely studied the cause of neuralgia, and the nature of the nervous system, with the many diseases it is subject to, and have found by actual experience that the true and primary cause of neuralgia is poverty of the nervous fluid—it becomes impoverished and poor, and in some cases starved, not because the patient does not eat, but because what is eaten is not appropriated to the nervous system; there are many causes for this, but Dr. C. W. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills have in my hands proved a perfect remedy for this condition and these diseases."

Sold by all druggists. Price, 50 cents a box. Depot, 106 North Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. By mail, two boxes for $1.00, or six boxes for $2.50, to any address.

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SKIN CURE

Is Warranted to Cure

ECZEMA, TETTERS, HUMORS, INFLAMMATION, MILK CRUST, ALL ROUGH SCALY ERUPTIONS, DISEASES OF HAIR AND SCALP, SCROFULA ULCERS, PIMPLES and TENDER ITCHINGS on all parts of the body. It makes the skin white, soft and smooth; removes tan and freckles, and is the BEST toilet dressing in THE WORLD. Elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both internal and external treatment.

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EMPLOYMENT—LOCAL OR Traveling State which preferred. Also SALARY per month. All EXPENSES advanced. WAGES promptly paid. SLOAN & Co. 306 George St. Cincinnati, O.

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is reimbursed, in a great measure, to those troubled with weak kidneys, by a judicious use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which invigorates and stimulates without exciting the urinary organs. In conjunction with its influence upon these, it corrects acidity, improves appetite, and is in every way conducive to health and nerve repose. Another marked quality is its control over fever and ague, and its power of preventing it.

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Having sold large quantities of this Portrait at $1.50 per copy, we now offer it FREE TO ALL, together with a three months subscription to THE HOUSEHOLD JOURNAL, a large 24 Page Family Story and Fashion Paper, Send us 25 Cents in stamps to pay postage and packing expenses and we will send the Portrait by return mail, and enter your name on the Subscription books and send you our Mammoth Story Paper three months. AGENTS WANTED. Address E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., New York.

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Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
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No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

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BEATTY'S ORGANS, 18 useful stops, 5 sets reeds, only $65. Pianos $125 up. Illustrated Catalogue FREE. Address, BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. Dr. J. E. Bradley, Lebanon, Ohio.

50 Landscape, Sea-View, Album, &c. Cards in case, with name, 10c. Vann & Co., Fair Haven, Ct.

To EVERY READER of this PAPER

We have just purchased the entire stock of Watches of the bankrupt firm of Parker Redcomb & Co., consisting of some 25,000 NICKEL, GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, at much less than cost. Among the stock are 17,000 SOLID NICKEL, STEM WINDING WATCHES, which we wish to dispose of at once, and make the following liberal offer.

Upon receipt of $4.00 we will mail, post paid, one of these Solid Nickel Stem Winding Watches, the retail price of which has always been from $7 to $10 in this City.

They are good time keepers, flat, heavy crystal, and never change color. The Price we offer them at is less than the Wholesale price; but as a further inducement and in order to introduce our goods and publications in your vicinity, we will send you in addition to the Watch, The ILLUSTRATED HOUSEHOLD GUEST MAGAZINE, ONE YEAR, containing 48 PAGES of Choice reading matter, and FINE ILLUSTRATIONS. The regular subscription Price is $1.50 per year. We will also mail a fine portrait engraving of our lamented late PRESIDENT GARFIELD, size 19x24. For $1.00 extra we will send an Elegant Gold-Plated (curb-pattern) vest chain worth at retail $2.50.

REMEMBER.—FOR FOUR DOLLARS we send the Stem Winding Watch, THE HOUSEHOLD GUEST MAGAZINE One Year, and a Splendid Engraving of OUR LATE PRESIDENT. This makes the Watch cost you a mere trifle.

This offer could not be made were it not for the fact that we bought the Watches at one-half cost of manufacture.

This Watch will sell readily for $10. Order now. Money can be sent by Registered letter or Money order at our risk.

Watches mailed the day the order is received. 5,000 AGENTS WANTED! We refer to any New York Publishers

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FROM THE WHITE HOUSE TO THE TOMB!

Agents Wanted Everywhere

To Introduce Our New and Beautiful Chromo-Lithograph Picture of

Jas. A. Garfield.

A PICTURE FOR EVERY HOUSEHOLD IN AMERCA!

In presenting the Magnificent Oil Picture of the Nation's Martyr, we are placing within the reach of all a valuable and ornamental memorial of the most stirring scene in the history of our country.

This picture vividly calls to mind, and thrillingly and truthfully depicts the terrible tragedy on that memorable 2d of July, 1881, when our lamented President was stricken down by the hand of an assassin.

It is impossible to give a correct idea of the Great Beauty and Attractiveness of this Picture.

The picture is printed on heavy plate paper, 22x28 inches, and not only contains a perfect likeness of our martyred President, but also pictures of incidents connected with his life and death.

The picture contains a correct Portrait of our Late President, Biography of his Life, a Graphic Account of the Assassination, a Picture of the HOME AT MENTOR, a medallion-shape sketch, representing THE ASSASSINATION IN THE DEPOT, and THE DEATH-BED SCENE, with Mrs. Garfield, her daughter, the doctors and attendants.

The whole picture combined forms a grand historical memento, grand in its conception, truthful in every line of its delineation.

Secure this picture FOR YOUR HOME. It will make A MEMENTO OF 1881, and the most popular picture ever published in the United States.

The price of a copy of such an elaborate and finely-executed oil-picture is 50 CENTS, a mere bagatelle in comparison with its artistic merit, cost of plate and composition.

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The Publishers of this picture, always on the alert, and ready to place something new in the hands of their many friends, have spent over $2,000 in preparing this great picture for this special occasion.

We request you to lose no time, but order 25 to 100 copies at once. First come first served. We shall appoint but one agent in a place. You can make Five to Ten Dollars Per Day.

Thousands will be sold. Agents are already making large sales. Now is the time. The people want just such a picture at the present time.

REMEMBER the great advantage of this picture is not only that it possesses the finest artistic merit and beauty, and blending of colors, but it is ready to hang on the wall. Each picture is on heavy plate paper, and mounted on rollers, the edges protected by a linen binding, and the whole surface is sized and varnished, which protects it from damage.

THE GREAT cost for glass and frames are in this way saved. Everybody wants a picture of JAMES A. GARFIELD, but some may not feel able to buy on account of the cost of framing. Our beautiful picture does not need a frame, and the expense of that is saved.

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Cut this out and return with order.

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A RIVER IDYLL.

Lucinda, dearest, 'neat the bending tree,
Stooping to kiss the stream that laves its feet,
I'll draw the boat; and, thinking but of thee,
Will luncheon eat.

Mark how the placid tide flows smoothly by;
Note yonder bank aglow with golden gorse!
'Tis Nature's specie bank. What's in the pie?
Ugh! Steak, of course.

Sip life's sweet cup of joy, love, in this spot
For thee no after-taste, no bitter dregs,
'Tis nectar. Bah! I've told you I cannot
Eat hard-boiled eggs.

The dappled shade of willow and of ash
Spreads o'er the verdant grass, for thy sweet sake,
And, love—the salad dressing's gone to smash,
And soaked the cake!

What? Hang it all! Each day I speak in vain,
Lucinda, this is shameful—only look!
No mustard on the sandwiches again.
Discharge the cook!

—P. ENGLISH.

Facetiæ.

Hush money—The price of a family cradle.

Yes the night air may be bad, but it isn't so bad as the night 'fear.'

Never trust to appearances; it is the prosperous dentist who looks most down in the mouth.

There are 362,900,000 national bank notes in circulation, and yet how often they elude our grasp.

A certain schoolmaster wrote the following copy for one of his pupils: "Idleness coveruth a man with nakedness."

Utah children do not have fore fathers to boast of, as other children do, but, sands of the seashore! look at their mothers!

"My lord," said the foreman of an Irish jury, when giving in the verdict, "we find the man who stole the mare not guilty."

Sancers says to a flower-dealer the other day, "What do you cauliflower?" He looked natural, and was beautifully laid out.

When Fenderson said he was at his wit's end, Fogg remarked that it wouldn't take him long to get back; a very short journey, indeed.

Why might a man as well fall into the sea as to be talked to death by the captain? It would only be a case of "man over-bored" all the same.

A land speculator, in describing a lake on an estate, says it is so clear and so deep, that by looking into it you can distinctly see them making tea in China.

The news from the minor German States is given in the journals of Fatherland under the following simple heading: "Mitteleuropaischevestaatengruppe."

Jones, on hearing a band of "picked musicians" torturing a tune at a recent concert, said, "Ah, I understand; they were picked before they were ripe."

A paper, in speaking of a temperance address, says it abounded with oceans of sentiment, rivers of love, torrents of feeling, and a perfect deluge of sense.

The fact has been established that "Rights of Search" existed in the Pompeiian times from the finding of combs exactly like the fine-tooth kind of the present period.

A man has published a book, advising all men to "mind their own business." A reviewer says, "Why don't he mind his, instead of telling other people what to do?"

"Have you ever broken a horse?" inquired a horse-jockey of a reckless-looking young man. "No, not exactly," replied the young man, "but I have broken three or four carriages."

A thief was lately caught breaking into a song. He had already got through the first two bars, when a policeman came up an area, and hit him with his stave. Several notes were found upon him.

"Parting is such a sweet sorrow," said a bald old bachelor to a pretty girl, as he bade her good-night. "I should smile," she replied, glancing upon his hairlessness, and wondering how he ever did it.

An old gentleman from the country stopped recently at one of the highest hotels in New York, and wrote home that his room was six stories high, and his bill was three stories higher than his room.

A Western paper strikes the names of two subscribers from its list because they are recently hung. The publisher says he was compelled to do so, because he did not know their present address.

The present Czar of Russia never uses an oath, but when he gets mad he lifts up a chair or table, or the nearest object, and makes kindling-wood for the poor. It is more expensive, but also more emphatic.

When the general went to Texas he visited a lawyer at his office, and asked him for a copy of the laws of Texas. The lawyer opened a drawer, took out a handsome bowie-knife, and gave it to the general.

A down-east editor said he was in a boat when the wind blew hard, but he was not alarmed, because he had his life insured; "he never had anything happen to him by which he could make any money."

A youth, after vainly trying to explain some scientific theory to his fair inamorata, said, "The question is difficult, and I don't see what I can do to make it clearer." "Suppose you pop it!" whispered the blushing damsel.

Meyers has a bad voice, but is all the time humming a snatch of a song. The other day he was talking to Gilkerson about himself, saying "that he would cultivate his voice." "That's right," said Gilkerson, "plant it deep."

Statistics show that out of every five hundred men who feel in the spring that it would be nice to have a little garden, only six ever get further than feeling so. Six is just the proportion of lunatics to every five hundred population.

Rheumatic Diseases.

These ailments follow from torpid liver and costive bowels; the skin, bowels and kidneys failing in their proper work, an acrid poison is formed in the blood, which is the occasion of these acute diseases. Kidney-Wort produces healthy action of all secretive organs, and throws off the rheumatic poison. Equally efficient in the Liquid or Dry form.—Inter-Ocean.

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Woman can Sympathize with Woman. Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

Yours for Health
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VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

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THE ONLY MEDICINE

IN EITHER LIQUID OR DRY FORM

That Acts at the same time on

THE LIVER, THE BOWELS, AND THE KIDNEYS.

WHY ARE WE SICK?

Because we allow these great organs to become clogged or torpid, and poisonous humors are therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.

KIDNEY-WORT

WILL SURELY CURE

KIDNEY DISEASES,

LIVER COMPLAINTS,

PILES, CONSTIPATION, URINARY DISEASES, FEMALE WEAKNESSES, AND NERVOUS DISORDERS,

by causing free action of these organs and restoring their power to throw off disease.

Why suffer Bilious pains and aches?
Why tormented with Piles, Constipation?
Why frightened over disordered Kidneys?
Why endure nervous or sick headaches?

Use **KIDNEY-WORT** *and rejoice in health.*

It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form, in tin cans one package of which makes six quarts of medicine. Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated, for those that cannot readily prepare it.

☞ It acts with equal efficiency in either form. GET IT OF YOUR DRUGGIST. PRICE, $1.00

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30 Lovely Moss Rose and Ass't Chromo Cards, name on 10c. American Card Co., West Haven, Conn.

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A GORGEOUS PREMIUM!!
SCIENCE TRIUMPHANT!
DETECTION IMPOSSIBLE!!
DIAMANTE BRILLIANTS IN WARRANTED SOLID GOLD SETTINGS

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"Their lustre and brilliancy elicit universal admiration."—*Court Journal.*—"Products of perfect purity."—*Journal Society of the Arts.*—"Certainly far nearer in resemblance to real diamonds than anything we have seen."—*The Mechanic.*—"A great achievement."—*Land and Water.*—"The refractive power is equal to real diamonds of the purest water."—*World of Science.*—"They successfully fulfil all the purposes for which real diamonds (even of the first quality) are utilized."—*London Times.*—"Ladies who can afford to wear the real gems will henceforth reserve them for indoors, for since the advent of 'Diamante Brilliants' things are no longer what they seem."—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

The reputation of Diamante Brilliants is permanently established abroad, and we take great pleasure in bringing them prominently to the notice of Americans. To do so properly requires some nerve and a liberal outlay of capital. These magnificent stones are imported especially for us, and are set in SOLID GOLD, made in Philadelphia by one of the largest firms engaged in the manufacture of pure gold jewelry in this country. All the stones are set by professional diamond-setters, and so much skill bestowed upon them as with the precious stones. For the purpose of simplifying our business we use but three sizes of the New Diamonds. The Ring, warranted solid gold, one-half karat stone. The Earrings, warranted solid gold, each 1 karat stone. The Stud, warranted solid gold, 2 karat stone. The illustrations give an accurate outline of the style and setting, but no illustration or description can give an idea of their rare beauty. THEY NEVER BE SOLD TO BE APPRECIATED. A Ring, same style and quality of setting, but with an inferior stone, has never been sold for less than $4.00. We can safely say the same of the Stud; and Earrings, of inferior quality and style, have never been sold for less than $6.00. In London, to-day, Diamante Brilliants, same size stone and quality of settings, are selling for three to four times the prices named above, and we believe them well worth $5 each. SO MUCH FOR MERE VALUE, AS WE WANT YOUR CUSTOM AFTERWARDS.

"What! all this trouble and expense about a Premium for your paper?" Yes, indeed! We can't select a Premium that will please everybody in a day, or a year, perhaps, yet we have expended so much time, thought, and labor on these—we are having the settings made, and the mounting under our own roof almost—we feel emphatically they will make every recipient happy. We are ambitious to give THE POST the largest circle of readers of any weekly on the Continent, and we propose to work for it, spend money for it, and use every honorable means to attain our object. THE POST is not an experiment; it is the oldest literary and family paper in America—now in its eighth year—and our Superb Diamond Premium offer deserves more attention than the many tempting premiums of irresponsible parties. THE POST is a large, sixteen-page weekly, and aims to interest every member of the home circle. At $2 a year it is the cheapest paper in existence to-day. THIS IS NOT A CHEAP JEWELRY ADVERTISEMENT. We don't sell Diamante Brilliants; we Give them away to Subscribers, and to Club Raisers for THE POST.

For a Premium to Each Subscriber Read Terms on Page 8.

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

FASHIONS have seemed to be almost stationary of late, but seemed only, for in reality they are always undergoing changes, only the changes for some time past have been so gradual as not to attract much notice. It is only in looking back to the dresses of a few months ago, that we understand how many and great modifications our toilets have undergone, even since the commencement of the present season. Let us note these modifications, and announce those which are to come, as have only just begun to make an appearance.

Skirts are still clinging, nevertheless tournures are coming back with a vengeance. Formerly the tournure was put on under the dress, now there is quite as much of it outside as inside.

The bodice is still prolonged very much over the skirt at the back. The protuberance required by fashion begins not at the waist, but a good deal below it. Inside, the tournure is composed of superposed flounces of stiff muslin, and in this it has nothing new about it, having always been worn in this way, each time fashion chose to require of its votaries an adjunct of this kind. Outside, the tournure is composed of very large loops, made of the same material as the dress, or part of it. They are from ten to twelve inches, and very often lined with a material of a different color, but of course corresponding to the *tout ensemble* of the toilet and its trimmings. The loops are superposed over the back width so as to form the protuberance which may be called the *outer tournure*. Very often however it is formed with the ends of the scarf, which is draped across the front of the dress. Whatever the means employed, the effect is that of a sort of voluminous panier. Nor does this necessarily exclude the smaller paniers, which are often placed over the hips.

Round skirts are the only ones permissible for dresses worn in the day-time, and are also much used for evening. It may be useful to speak of the manner of making them, as on the arrangement of the trimming depends the grace and the style of the dress. The flounces, draperies, etc., are all put on one skirt, and this must hang with the greatest exactness, so as to be perfectly round, and to be gracefully adjusted when the wearer sits or stands. For the first rule to be observed is that the bottom, which should be about two yards and a quarter wide, should be cut perfectly straight by a thread.

The slight differences of length caused by the bustle, etc., will be provided for at the top in setting the skirt on the belt. The front breadth is cut bias on both sides, and the side breadths on one side only, the straight edge always being sewed to that on the bias. The back breadth is cut entirely straight, a soufflet or gore being, however, arranged at the bottom to facilitate the spreading of the skirt. This is composed of several pleats laid inward, which furnish the fulness necessary for walking.

This soufflet is in general about ten inches wide, and is proportioned to the waist of the wearer. The flounce, of course, extends across the soufflet, being made somewhat scanty so as not to increase the size too much.

A deep balayeuse some fifteen inches wide supports the bottom of the skirt. A few rows of shirring are often run in the back, so as to regulate the fulness. The general rule of putting all the fulness in the back is sometimes modified by the pouts or style of the costume.

An original jacket is made of thick leather. It is of the usual light brown shade, and recalls the jerkins of Cromwell's time. Similar ones are also being made of bright red leather.

The latest novelties in gloves—are the Medicis, with two gathered puffings of kid on the arm, divided by beaded bands, the back of the hand being also beaded. These are sold in black and light colors. Pearl beads are used on white gloves, steel beads are applied to black and white gloves, black to grey, and long white gloves have the arm portion richly embroided in satin stitch with silver. Lace insertion, covered with pearl beads, and divided by bands of pearls, appear on white gloves.

The most fashionable colors are sea blue, all the tones of red from rose pink to carnation and poppy, all the shades of grey, Carmelite, prune, and Vesuve, or what we call terra-cotta, a color which is far prettier in brocades and broche silks than in woollens and cambrics. In silken fabrics Vesuve has suppressed fire tones that are very becoming.

The mantles for the coming season will have great variety in form. We shall have the Indian cashmere mantle, well shaped at the back and in a manner enveloping the *pouf*, and carefully manipulated in front that it may hang with no appearance of heaviness on the figure. The trimming should be black Spanish lace with intermingling of beads.

More elegant still will be the charming mantelets of dull satin surah, trimmed with small pleatings of black silk grenadine. At the back is a cascade of loops of ribbon, satin, or *moire*, with long tabs round the edge of the mantelet. Worn over a pale-colored dress, this mantelet presents a very charming appearance.

A short *visite* with gathered back has a large sleeve which furnishes part of the former. In this mantelet also, satin plays the chief part. It is made in small grey checked cloth or figured beige, or of velvet and trimmed entirely with satin of the same shade, forming bias rushes arranged in double *coquilles*.

Fireside Chat.

NEW MATERIALS FOR CURTAINS.

ONE of the latest novelties, is chenille, a soft and reversible fabric, made of waste silk.

It is very effective for draperies, when used in harmonies and combinations, and also inexpensive, as elaborate trimmings may be dispensed with. Silk plushes of good quality, either alone or with other materials, are still much used and look exceedingly well, both as draperies and curtains, but the cheaper kinds, in which cotton is intermixed, are neither so effective nor durable.

The same may be said of stamped plushes. Frieze velvet will always hold its own for ancient designs and for great durability, the pattern being woven in.

Effective and inexpensive as printed velveteen and Roman satin are, both lack durability, and are only suitable for fancy draperies, subject to the change of fashion. For heavy draperies and curtains waste silk and wool tapestries are most approved of, and those of English make are preferable to foreign manufacturers, both for design and quality.

Silks, satins, damasks, &c., of course stand their ground as before, and although for some years past fashion has been in favor of less costly materials, the public taste is again turning to these richer fabrics. For bed hangings and bedroom curtains chintzes have now almost entirely superseded cretonnes, and are much preferred for effect and durability.

In the high-class chintzes, designs are original, and printed with fast colors on stout cloths, will bear cleaning many times, and adapt themselves to furniture and wall coverings as well as to hanging generally.

For decorating curtains and pictures with art needlework, the School of Art-Needlework uses, amongst other materials, a light dull blue serge. Only two stripes of embroidery, one at the upper the other at the lower end of the curtains, are necessary to produce an excellent effect. The pattern is generally done in applique on gold-colored satin sheeting bordered with bands of dark blue velvet or velveteen. These curtains require no lining, and are hung on rings passed over a brass rod.

A commonplace wooden door, on account of the color being generally in scant harmony with the coverings of the furniture and of the walls, is apt to attract attention. Several methods to remedy this defect have been suggested, amongst them panels of tapestry or linerusta painting, direct stencilling on the wood, &c.; but stencilled hangings, are novel and very effective. The work is within the power of any amateur artist to undertake, and only a slight knowledge of drawing or painting is necessary, when the method is clearly explained and understood.

In the first place, measure the door to be ornamented, and in calculating the size of the hanging remember that it must be large enough to entirely cover the panels, and should come to within a few inches, say six, of the outside measurement of the door. Next choose the material for the foundation of the designs. A good effect is produced by selecting a fine cheese-cloth, which is very inexpensive, or, if economy is not a consideration, still better, a soft, partly silk nun's veiling, either to be a soft ecru in color. If the material is wide enough to allow of its being in one piece, so much the better; if not, make the seam as invisible as possible, remembering always that the drapery is to hang slightly full when finished, and that there must be an allowance of an additional three-eighths of a yard in length beyond the actual space to be covered on the floor, for what use shall be shown presently.

Next stretch the material carefully and smoothly on a large wooden table, and fasten it by paper or thumb-tacks, so that the surface will not be wrinkled. Then take some simple design, which will have a good effect in outline, such as a daisy or sunflower, a fleur-de-lays, a butterfly, a bird, or a star. Let us say a daisy to begin with. Draw an outline neatly on a piece of cardboard, separating the leaves as much as permissible. Then cut it out carefully with a sharp knife or scissors. Now there are two ways of proceeding; one, which is perhaps the easiest, we will describe first. After cutting out the flowers, so as to leave a perfectly shaped opening in the cardboard, use this after the manner of a stencil, laying it on the cloth, and, with a fine sable or camel's-hair brush, paint over the open space with liquid gold paint (Bessemer's is one of the best for this purpose,) and remember to follow the outline of the leaves carefully with the point of your brush. Repeat this pattern at convenient intervals all over the body of the hanging until within three-eighths of a yard of the top. This space is to be turned over, and must be decorated in the same manner on the other side. The other way of proceeding—and which, we think, will be preferred by some—is to take the cardboard flower, which is cut out, and trace its outline with a pencil on the cloth; then fill in this outline with a gold paint, covering the pencil mark. In either case the design may be varied by making several flowers in different positions. This, however, is a matter of taste. When the whole surface of the hanging is covered—that is to say, sprinkled over—with golden daisies, several rows of feather stitching in different colors may be added at the bottom for a border, and one row in coral color all around the edge. Turn over the three-eighths at the top, and sew on a number of small brass or ivory rings. Finish both top and bottom with bullion fringe, and fasten the hanging on your door by means of a brass rod run through the rings, seeing that there is an equal distance from the outside of the door on all sides.

This new manner of decorating doors must not be confounded with the portiere in its uses, which is entirely different. These door hangings can also be made of plush or satin, treated in the same manner, the ground color selected to accord with the rest of the room, and the designs always in gold.

Fashionable Note Paper and Menus.—The various moods, if we may so call them, of modern caprice have permeated all the trifles of the stationery case. An æsthetic young lady now conducts all her social correspondence on art-tinted paper, bearing in one corner the emblematic sunflower, tulip, tiger-lily, or else a solitary, weird peacock's feather with golden eye. The strong-minded damsel, who is not scared by mice, pigs, and elephants on her jewelry, permits these lucky animals to ornament her missives; occasionally, too, her choice falls upon the spinster's kitten represented in every color of the rainbow, or a very apathetic-looking lamb, with "My pet" written underneath in gilt letters. A golden globe on a red sea is an appropriate symbol for letter-writing who are ever "on the wing." Convenient and gold-outlined leaves of various shapes, across which is inscribed the day of the week.

Every form of entertainment now calls for its special invite note. We have all become familiar with the wee paper and envelopes suggesting a cosy dinner by their willow-pattern plate, crossed fork and spoon, or homely joint. The five o'clock tea prompts many other reminders; sometimes the teapot seems to puff out of its spout the golden words "Come early," or the kettle recalls the old-fashioned social parties, "kettledrums," which first started these delightful meals. Another good idea is the hall clock with its hands pointing to the hour of five and accompanied by a gipsy table set with a single cup and a single chair. Really this is too great solitude! But, by the way, has is been represented personally as a telling appeal to the friend who is thus asked to share a cup of tea? On another kind of "tea invite" note the clock is without hands, probably to allow the hostess to mark herself any time most suitable. A music stand, too, indicates the proposed entertainment of the visitors. For this new paper the manufacturer has entered quite into the spirit of the fun. The surface, instead of being marbled, as it appears at first sight, is stamped all over with tiny scattered spoons, sugar tongs, cream jugs, kettles, teapots, and cups and saucers! Lawn tennis note, too, has its own signs in the guise of crossed racquets, stretched netting, etc., while one special kind is ornamented by etched figures of lively girls in different attitude of the game.

Scribblers of a comical turn of mind will patronise the paper with pen-and-ink headings illustrating with pleasant satire some ordinary and friendly sentences. "Tho' lost to sight, to memory dear," is expressed by the smart drawing of an urchin stealing jam from the cupboard. "I am taking steps to address you," by a workman carrying a ladder to reach the window where the housemaid awaits her usual private chat. "Just a line" is indicated by a boy hauling; and "Here goes" by a rather frenzied-looking individual with a pen towering above his shoulders.

These are but a few from the countless caricatures now met with, amongst which none, however, are more to the point than the puns for invite cards, menus representing fashionable pastimes. The tennis menu, for instance, above a young girl standing on a lawn wearing a bonnet ingeniously shaped from a doubled racket, with one or two balls doing service for flowers inside the hollow brim. On one side of her is written "10," and on the other "is"—tennis.

Cricket is similarly signified by a large cricket standing on its hind legs, enjoying a good bowl. For croquet a sombre crow is joining in the sport, the latter part of the name being made up by a big K on the lower corner of the card. The representation of bicycle is not quite so direct; a bee is perched on the vehicle, the insect's name spelt in full on the left, and the word sea appearing on the right hand.

Menus for ordinary dinner and luncheon parties, etc., are decorated with gilded ferns and flowers, domestic scenes of "Under the window," character, and colored miniature pictures, portraying æsthetic maidens in "utter," "intense," and other stages of rapture, before some ancient vase or piece of metal work.

Correspondence.

RONALD, (Ithica, N. Y.)—Write and ask.

AJAX, (Wilmington, Del.)—The President's salary is $50,000.

TEA-DRINKER, (New London, Ct.)—Indigestion after drinking tea may be remedied by omitting the sugar.

H. V., (Atlanta, Ga.)—1. The rates vary with the merit of the article and the reputation of the writer. 2. Just at present, no.

M., (Erie, Pa.)—Execution is a term used in music to signify a facility in performing difficult divisions and intricate passages with easy velocity, combined with grace, feeling, and just intonation.

J. A. M., (Sandy Level, Va.)—They are not in any particular demand. We conclude it is far better for you to stay where you are and finish your education. If the other is necessary it may be gone through afterwards.

H. B. S., (Kirks, Ala.)—We have never heard of the complaint you mention, and in any case you had better consult a horse-doctor on the subject. Advice given from a distance in such cases might do more harm than good.

TYLER, (Madison, Va.)—"Of two evils I have chosen the least," and "The end justifies the means," are from Matthew Prior. We are indebted to Colley Cibber for the agreeable intelligence that "Richard is himself again." Johnson tells us of "A good hater," and Mackintosh in 1791 the phrase often attributed to John Randolph, "Wise and masterly inactivity."

ANNIE L., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—"Is there such a thing as love at first sight?" Some writers maintain that genuine love is spontaneous, which means about the same as "love at first sight?" It is probable that no absolute rule can be laid down on the subject that would hold good in every case. Shakespeare says:

"Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind."

SAM D., (Dauphin, Pa.)—This correspondent proposed for a young lady whom he knew all his life. She accepted him, and soon after went to a watering-place, and wrote back that she had analyzed her feelings, and found that she had not love enough to be his wife. A year had passed, and she is intimate with another young gentleman. What should SAM D. do? Possibly she was aided in her tardy analysis by this second gentleman. More probably the girl is honest, and SAM D. can do nothing but act on her letter, and be friends where it is impossible to be lovers.

JEANETTE, (Albany, N. Y.)—"What and where are the favorite haunts of the monkey?" The monkey is supposed to have "originated" in various parts of the world; but there is nothing known which would enable anyone to say with absolute scientific certainty just where the first pair of monkeys make their appearance. Monkeys are now found in the tropical forests of America, Asia and Africa, and in some of the tropical islands. The monkeys of the New World are entirely distinct from those of the Old. The former are called, among other designations, broad-nosed monkeys, the difference in the breadth of their noses being so great as to warrant such a classification.

STUPIDITY, (West Chester, Pa.)—You have chosen a wrong name. So far as may be judged from your letter you are anything but stupid. It displays ability throughout, and if you are as able in other ways as to write a grammatical letter, we advise you to continue studying. The seeming failure of memory may result from causes that a little time will remove. This is the more likely, as it seems to have come on suddenly. In our opinion, however, a teacher's merit is not in the ratio of his strength of memory, but his original powers of mind. If you are deficient in the former, you appear to have the latter, and we advise you by all means to take the opportunity you have of attending the normal school.

NIL DESPERANDUM, (Little Rock, Ark.)—It certainly is our opinion that a man with a wide and true knowledge of words must always have them at his command for use when occasion shall require. But the great mistake of many men (which frequently arises from one of two causes, undue conceit or undue modesty,) is the laboring after the best and, in many instances, the grandest words to express their meaning. We have not all the same style in conversation, any more than we have the same colored eyes, the same shaped noses, or mouths. If you have something to say, say it straightforwardly, openly, fearlessly, and unhesitatingly; stammering and hesitation should only proceed from the two causes we have already mentioned, and one other, fogginess of ideas. It is necessary to know your subject before you speak with authority and the simplest words are the best.

READER, (Rice, Minn.)—How can anyone define between egoism and egotism. There is just a *t* difference, that is all, if you take them as the same word—selfishness and self-opinionativeness, from ego, I. But if you look to philosophy you will find that "egotism" means the opinion of one who thinks everything uncertain except his own existence. The Egotists were certain followers of Descartes, and entertained a not very difficult notion to a super-refined brain, that upon ego, I, the person thinking, was based the essential reality of all things, ego alone certainly existing. Again some people try to make egoism a stronger word than egotism, and others declare that egotist is the stronger, and denotes a more passionate love of self. We hold that the words have the same value: egoism is the more correctly formed, but it may be that one may be detailed by some great writer to bear a weightier signification.

POLLY TICKS, (Hartford, Conn.)—Your question shows a lack of study and observation. Love in its truest sense is a reality as much as life itself. Imagination plays a part in bringing lovers together, but if they love each other, its functions stop there. We are not aware that love does disappear with marriage. On the contrary it then assumes its purest form. Imagination may not long abide after the wedding, but the fact that it departs by no means proves it takes affection along with it. 2. God is no respecter of persons. The soul of the king and the soul of the beggar may be equally damned or saved. All exists in and from him. He made laws for the government of the moral and physical world. Nothing can be or happen save under these laws. If they are violated they bring their penalty. You must remember that God's way of looking at things is not our way. And do not forget that if he suffered the crime of Judas and Christ's crucifixion for mankind, he may see and make a blessing of many things where we perceive but evil. 3. There are numbers of good phosphates in the market, some one of which would certainly answer your purpose.